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WE were about to prepare a brief introduction, when we received the following article from one of our most gifted contributors. It comes so opportunely, and expresses so much of what we intended, that we willingly forego our own remarks to give it place. It touches an important subject at an appropriate time, and we earnestly commend it to the attentive consideration of our readers.

**THOUGHTS AND SUGGESTIONS ON THE CATHOLIC
QUESTION IN AMERICA.**

"On whatever side you view the religion of the gospel, you find that it enlarges the understanding and tends to expand the feelings. In the sciences, its tenets are not hostile to any natural truth; its doctrine forbids not any study. . . . it is not of the elements of his (man's) body, but of the virtues of his soul, that the Supreme Judge will one day require an account."

CHATEAUBRIAND.

THE cultivation of the faculties of the mind and soul, in order to promote the greater glory of God, is a duty flowing from the essential principles of religion. Catholic life, in a word, is summed up in this great duty. And if distinctions may be drawn in reference to that, which is always essentially the same, Religion; differences, however, arising merely from extrinsic circumstances; then it may be said, that Catholic life is more peculiarly Catholic, in these republics, than perhaps in any other quarter of the globe; by reason, simply, of the contrast it bears to surrounding objects. And it may be further remarked, that this is more strikingly the case at the present, than at any previous period of our history.

We feel that, as Catholics, we have just passed through a persecution in this land of constitutional equality of rights. Summoned before the unconstitutional tribunal of public opinion, our faith, our principles and our morals, have been made the theme of discussion in places heretofore strangers to such subjects. Thus we have seen on the floors of congress and other legislative bodies, at the hustings, and in the popular assemblies,

the spectacle of religious controversy, and, what is yet more strange, we have seen Protestants entering the lists, with ardor and party zeal, in defence of Catholic faith and morals, against the attacks of their fellow Protestants. For a time, throughout the length and breadth of the republic, the Catholic Question has been the question of the day. And the Catholic body of the country have, in spite of themselves, been made the object of deep interest and solicitude with the rest of their countrymen. Insult and proscription have been for a time our lot, but the crisis, so far as it was a persecution, has passed—the verdict of the American people has been rendered, and the Church is free.

But have we ceased to be objects of interest with our fellow-citizens—the public gaze suddenly withdrawn from us, who were so recently the objects of universal attention? Far from it. On the contrary, the most enduring and momentous struggle yet claims our best, our highest efforts. The question now is, not whether Catholics are to be tolerated in the country or not, but rather what part they will perform in its future history, what figure they will exhibit in the great drama of American life—and, as Catholics, the question we are to ask ourselves is, how much good we will accomplish for ourselves, our country, and our Church? The first crisis, the political one, has been met, and settled by the nation in our favor; the second, the social and moral one, is a problem for Catholics themselves to solve. The future belongs to us and hope.

It seems to us that a fearful responsibility rests upon the present generation of Catholics in this country. The occasion, and the country, present a peculiarly favorable opportunity for the Church to make an impression upon the American mind and character; and it now depends upon her children to determine, whether the recent persecution shall eventuate in weal or woe. The close observer can but perceive the present favorable turn in our fortunes. It has not only ceased to be esteemed a disgrace in this country to be a Catholic, but in many respects there is a prestige of distinction in the potent name of Catholic, a name which the sects themselves are anxious to share with us. Thus, though the persecution has ceased, the public interest in us, which it aroused, has not abated, and we are still the objects, not only of interest, but of solicitude in this country. In this condition of things, we have only to exhibit in our lives the spirit and beauties of religion, to unfold the living Church, the Church militant, the spotless spouse of Christ, in all her attractive charms and captivating graces, to the eyes of an inquiring people, in order to secure a solid and glorious victory for truth and heaven.

We propose no sudden, spasmodic, or even extraordinary means. The great means we propose are the culture and fostering of a purer and healthier tone of Catholic sentiment among Catholics themselves. In the proportion that Catholics become more thoroughly Catholic, will be the success of their efforts in this good cause. Believing, as we do, that the increase and diffusion of the Catholic element in the country are destined

yet, with the blessing of God, to save it, we prefer, above all other means, those which tend to the increase and diffusion of that element. And to promote this, the work must commence at home; for we confess there is room for improvement there. By first becoming thoroughly Catholic ourselves, we may then think of infusing Catholic sentiments into others.

It is a fact in ecclesiastical history, that, although the Church makes no distinction or preference among the articles of her faith, yet, as from age to age, occasion arose to defend some one of those articles from the attacks of the world or the devil, or to define *ex cathedra* that which was before of common faith, then that particular article or dogma naturally became, for the time, the special or leading object of veneration and esteem among the faithful, and, if we may so express ourselves, became the peculiar test or proof of orthodox Catholicity. Now the Church is not without such proofs or tests, in our day, of the fidelity of her children. Every Catholic, in these, our days, should feel an especial attachment to the dogma of the supremacy of St. Peter, in the person of his successor, and an ardent attachment and devotion to that blessed dogma, whose definition in our day has occasioned joy in heaven and on earth,—that of the Immaculate Conception of the ever Blessed Virgin Mary, the Mother of God. These are, as we conceive, the glorious characteristics of sincere, zealous and consistent Catholics. These blessed dogmas we commend now, and forever, to the special veneration and love of all good Catholics. They can but exert an ameliorating influence on American life, amid the wreck of faith, which we observe among the sects. This country must be saved, and made happy, free and great, by the conservative elements of Catholicity, as the only principle that can reconcile authority and liberty, check the unruly passions of the human heart, and preserve in all their rights, and in their distinct and respective spheres of duty and of action, the three great elements of Christian civilization,—the individual, the family, and society. No other moral or intellectual power can remedy the social and religious evils, flowing from the development of puritanism into infidelity, in New England—no other possesses that immutable principle of unity, and that universal or Catholic spirit of charity and love, that can reconcile the animosities now so unfortunately alienating the members of our national union from each other. Whatever may be his views of dogma, the enlightened statesman can but perceive, that in the Catholic Church there resides that principle of order, which is "heaven's first law;" the principle peculiarly required to check the prevailing evils of the day. But the force, the efficacy, with which these truths will be felt, and appreciated in the country, will depend upon the sound, the healthy, the thorough Catholic tone prevailing among Catholics themselves.

Now that the times are favorable for Catholic impressions, Catholics should above all things be united among themselves. If the public could point to us, and say, as was said of our forefathers in the faith, the early

Christians, "How they love one another!" then might we rush onward to swell the teeming tide of American life, impregnating all around us with wholesome and saving sentiments. Part and parcel, as we are, of the great public body, we must act well our parts, and perform our full share of public service. In all the walks of legitimate private enterprise, we ought to be found side by side with others, competing for honorable success and honest thrift—in all useful and intellectual pursuits, and in the struggles of professional life, we ought to be found contending for the honors and glories that attend them—in all the works of public enterprise and benefit, we ought to join the active concourse—in the arts, sciences and literature, we ought to show ourselves not inferior to our countrymen. Let us walk forth like men, like freemen, to the great, the exalted work, of making for ourselves and our posterity, a home, a permanent status, in this great empire of republics. Carrying with us the saving doctrines of our holy religion, the conservative elements of order received from our Catholic education, and our fixed and unwavering principles of faith and morals; carrying these, we say, with us into the busy and onward tide of American life, we can then realize the power we wield for good; and the country will see and believe, from our earnestness, our sincerity, and our courage, that we bear with us these elements of order and virtue, which, with the blessing of God, are destined to save the republic. We are no alarmists, but, that there are destructive elements abroad in the country, we cannot fail to see. That that ancient Church, which converted the world to Christianity, carried civilization with the cross to distant and savage shores; that, in days of persecution, proved herself the fruitful mother of martyrs and of saints, and in prosperity the no less fruitful mother of statesmen, philosophers and patriots; she, who has proved herself the guardian of letters and the mistress of the arts and sciences; she, who has within herself a sure and soothing balm for all the sorrows and wounds of the human heart, and opposes her resistless arm to oppression, licentiousness and vice wherever found; that she can right the evils of the day, and protect society from dissolution, is our most firm and abiding belief. But to achieve this, she must have the united co-operation of all her children—and they, in order to co-operate with effect, must themselves be the embodiment of her perfections. Then the great work must commence with ourselves, *at home*. To Catholics we appeal, and all we ask of them is to do simple justice to themselves; in other words, we ask *self-culture*.

One of the best, if not the best of all means of self-culture for Catholics, is Catholic Literature; and for Catholics in this country, a Catholic Literature of their own. The importance and necessity, therefore, of creating, building up, and supporting, upon a liberal basis, a Catholic Literature, belonging to the country itself, cannot be too frequently, or too earnestly, pressed upon the attention of our people. Under all circumstances, a chaste and elevated literature is not only beneficial, but necessary in society, for the development of the intellectual part of the man, for the

improvement and refinement of his tastes, as a preparation for the duties and struggles of life, and an agreeable and refined recreation after the severer and more taxing exertions and studies of daily routine. This is true of every kind of literary culture, but it is peculiarly so of religious literature, in as much as it is by the latter that literature itself becomes the handmaid of religion and virtue, tends to the cultivation of the best feelings and impulses of the soul, as well as the highest faculties of the mind, and presents to us our duties towards God and society in their most pleasing and attractive forms. But for Catholics, living in the midst of a society mainly Protestant, as is the case with us in America, religious or Catholic Literature has even a stronger claim upon our encouragement and support; because for Catholics, thus circumstanced, such a literature becomes an indispensable safe-guard against the dangerous and noxious influences of a prevailing popular literature, which is either strongly anti-Catholic, or of a decidedly infidel tendency. Catholics, like their Protestant neighbors, have a thirst for reading, and what is natural with their neighbor is equally so with them—which is, that they are most attracted by contemporaneous literature, the current productions of their own day and country. They cannot, as men and citizens, be supposed to be isolated from the impulses, excitements and sympathies common to all around them, and pervading the community in which they reside, and from which they derive their support, their position, and the comforts and enjoyments of social life. So that our Catholic population will inevitably be drawn into an habitual indulgence in all the light, unnatural, anti-Catholic, and pernicious literature, with which the English and American presses are teeming, and thus be subjected to the danger of impairing their morals, or unsettling their faith, unless their wants are supplied, and their tastes gratified, as well as rectified, by a literature peculiarly their own, because peculiarly Catholic: a literature, which, being religious and pure, is free from the evils of the prevailing popular literature; and which, when indigenous to their own country, possesses another claim of sympathy upon their hearts.

The reproduction of foreign works in our own language, and the publication of translations from the copious sources of Italian, French, Spanish and German literature, would contribute much to the supply required for religious reading. But the field of original effort is still open, and is far from being exhausted; and, as we have said, a current original literature is more popular and attractive, and consequently a far more powerful instrument in accomplishing the results which we desire. The history of the Church is a rich and inexhaustible store-house of every treasure, which literature needs for the enlightenment, the improvement, the edification and the amusement of the people. From the catacombs, where the holiest prayers were offered, and the tombs of martyrs, where the pious pilgrims worshipped; from the fields on which has flowed the noblest and bravest blood of Christendom; from the temples and shrines of saints, before which

have been shed the most precious tears of devout generations, down to the exile of the Holy Father Pius IX, from the chair and city of St. Peter, and to the memorable day when that same illustrious pontiff proclaimed to the world the glorious dogma of the Immaculate Conception, the materials are so rich and varied, that ten thousand pees of lightning speed and seraphic inspiration could not exhaust them in as many years. Nor is our own young and expanding country deficient in materials for Catholic literature. From the time of that greatest achievement in modern history, the discovery of America, by one of the most devout Catholics, from the heroic labors and glorious martyrdom of Catholic missionaries, to this moment, when we see bigotry and ignorance retiring, with shame, before the modest self-vindication, of a virtuous, dignified and courageous Catholic minority, the history of the infant Church of America teems with precious lore for historians, poets, philosophers, and for the writers also of pure and virtuous historical romance. Catholic authors have but to take the field, and the Church, the guardian of letters and mistress of the arts, will not only open to them the rich store-houses of her treasures, but will smile upon and bless their noble and generous efforts.

But how awful is the responsibility of Catholic authorship! how exalted should be the standard of virtue, to which they should aspire, who propose to illustrate by their writings that spotless spouse, the holy Church of God! how unexceptionable should be the lives of those, whose pens attempt to show the beauties and charms of Catholic life! how should their hearts, their every impulse and aspiration, be purified in the crucible of the sacraments! The author is like the artist—how can he communicate externally that which he does not possess within himself? how can he give external form and representation to that to which he is himself a stranger? The example of that great Catholic artist, the blessed Angelico Fiesoli, is well deserving of imitation by Catholic authors. Vasari gives the following description of Fra Angelico: "In sum, this never sufficiently to be lauded father was most humble and modest in all his words and deeds, and in his paintings graceful and devout; and the saints, which he painted, have more of the air and aspect of saints, than those of any other artist. . . . Some say that he never took up his pencils without previous prayer. He ever painted a crucifix with tears bathing his cheeks; and throughout his works, in the countenance and attitude of all his figures, the correspondent impress of his sincere and exalted appreciation of the Christian religion is recognisable. Such, adds Vasari, was this very angelic father, who spent the whole of his time in the service of God and in doing good to the world and to his neighbor. And truly a gift (virtù) like his could not descend on any but a man of most saintly life; for a painter must be holy himself before he can depict holiness." The painter and the author are essentially the same—the pencil and the pen are but co-laborers in the same cause—their modes are different, their work is the same.

And surely there should be no scarcity of Catholic authors in this country. We have the best educational institutions, for both males and females, that the country possesses; and our Catholic population, especially the new generation, graduates, and those now preparing for graduation in our colleges, will compare with the most highly educated classes in the land. What becomes of so many bright and accomplished youths, so full of promise and of hope, who graduate annually in our Catholic colleges, seminaries and academies? Why do we not hear from them after the "happy commencement day" has passed? Why is it, that from the obscurity, into which so many gifted and accomplished young men, fresh from the collegiate course, sink, that many practical men have been confirmed in their doubts of the expediency and sufficiency of classical and scholastic learning? Certainly the human intellect is not worn out or exhausted by labor or cultivation. We trust it cannot be said that all these Catholic youths lose their faith in the world. Then why is it? Is there anything ignoble in the arts and sciences, as was, with so much simplicity, imagined by the parents of Michael Angelo? Is it unbusiness-like, or unprofessional, to cultivate literature, or even to become the author of a book? If any such objections as these be raised, we have only to point, in reply, to many of the greatest productions of genius—works, which have marked an era in literature, the arts and sciences, and more especially in England, which have proceeded from men actively and successfully engaged in professional or other pursuits, or who were eminent as statesmen, legislators or ministers. In Roman history, the brilliant and illustrious example of Cicero ought of itself to be sufficient, to set at rest this question, and the splendid eulogium he pronounced upon literature and learning generally, in his great oration *Pro Archia Poeta*, should settle the scruples of the most sensitive taste on this point. But we fear the difficulty does not lie in any of these imaginary objections. It seems to be too much the habit with youths, of both sexes, to regard the acquisition of education rather as the end than the means, and to look to the commencement day rather as the goal, than as the starting point of life. And we fear further, that there must be a want of mental energy, of intellectual enterprise, of literary industry, somewhere. We hope that our words will reach those, to whom they are addressed, the graduates of our colleges, the educated young men of the country, and that they will resolve at once to enter upon and cultivate the inviting field of literary labor, which their Church and their country offers them.

But are we advocating the introduction of Catholic Literature, because the tastes and desires of our Catholic population have loudly called for it? or is our object mainly to introduce a taste for such a literature among the people? Alas! we fear the latter is the stronger motive, as well as the necessity of the case. We fear that the demand has not, so far, exceeded the supply. We think at least that there is much room for improvement, and that there are too many heads of Catholic families, whose last thought

is to provide suitable religious and edifying reading for those committed to their care. With many, who pass for Catholics, to read a Catholic book is an act of condescension, to buy one is bordering on weakness. When applied to for their encouragement and support to the spirit of enterprise, that would build up in the country an indigenous Catholic Literature, they regard it as no matter of theirs; and the Catholic periodical is neglected, or soon rejected, for its *bigoted* ultraism; while certain popular monthlies, whose popularity is kept alive by their insidious and cowardly abuse of the Catholic faith and of Catholic countries, are indispensable vade mecums in their households. It is frequently, even commonly, pitiful to observe the shifts resorted to, in excuse for not buying a religious book, or for the necessity, which compels an indefinite postponement of subscribing for a Catholic periodical. And when there is no escape from a purchase or a subscription, it is too apt to be magnanimously regarded as an act of charity to some needy canvasser or author, as though no equivalent is received in the priceless value of the good thoughts, innocent entertainment and valuable information, thus imparted to themselves and their families. The absence from Catholic families of good books and religious periodicals, is the proximate cause, in many cases, of that sinful and pernicious habit of novel-reading, which we too often have to deplore. If Catholics must, or will, read fiction, even then there is no excuse for reading the ruinous popular productions of the age and country; for there has, in recent years, sprung into existence a branch of Catholic literature, designed to meet this very case; we allude to the beautiful, edifying and truly classical Catholic novels, which some of the most gifted and brilliant intellects in the Church are producing every day, both in England and America. And here we can but admire the profound wisdom of that policy in the Church, which, yielding so far to the popular taste as to afford from her own rich stores the means of its innocent gratification, has turned, what was before an exposure to vice, into a means of virtue, and has consecrated to the task the genius and learning of many of her best and most illustrious children—scholars, philosophers and divines.

What we have said above applies yet more forcibly to our periodical Catholic Literature, which has petuliar claims upon our encouragement and support. Being a continuous effort to instruct, edify and amuse, the success and duration of each effort must depend upon the continued and unfaltering support it receives. It is besides a most pleasing mode of conveying instruction. When once taken in the family—if it has that good luck—the Catholic periodical at once becomes a favorite there. A Monthly or Quarterly, for instance, coming, as it does, from time to time, freighted with instructive and interesting news, teeming with innocent amusement, and diversified with literature, theology, arts, sciences and general information, is expected with eagerness, and, as it passes from hand to hand, is read with interest and profit by all: it thus becomes an

ever welcome visitor in the family circle, as it comes, ever new and cheerful, to announce the advent of each hopeful month or season of the year. When, at the end of the year, the numbers are bound into a volume, and become a part of the family library, the good results are thus continued and rendered permanent. With only one quarterly, one monthly, and seventeen weeklies, published among the three millions, or more, of Catholics in the United States, the failure of any such enterprise, for want of support, might be reasonably deemed an impossibility, but a retrospect of only a few years would soon convince us to the contrary of this. And we have reason to believe, that there are not wanting instances, at the present moment, in which a precarious existence is prolonged at the cost of some enterprising and persevering publisher or editor. These facts, unexplained, would certainly not be very creditable to Catholic taste and liberality; but we think we see the signs of a better time coming. The necessities of the peculiar position now occupied by Catholics in this country, to which we have more particularly alluded in the previous part of these remarks, seem to have resulted in a better appreciation of the means, which we suggest, as some among many others, for qualifying and preparing the Catholic body for fulfilling the high destiny, which awaits them. And we augur, from what we now see, the full and speedy realization of all our hopes for the future of the Church of God in America.

THE CHILD AND THE STAR.

Hast thou a home and a mother,
Pretty bright star in the sky—
Living beyond the blue mountains,
Where the sweet flowers never die?
Tell me a tale of my brother,
Is he asleep in that home—
With the good angels around him,
Where the cold storms never come?

Go, pretty star, to my brother,
Tell him Adlina is here;
His little sister, Adlina,
Who to his heart was so dear.
Say that she waits in the arbor,
Ever so long in the night,
Praying to see his bright spirit
Clothed in its garments of white.

Tell him she loves him still dearly—
Visits his grave every day—
Sings him the song of affection,
Though he is far, far away.
Prettiest star in the heavens,
Spurn not a child-sister's prayer,
Watch o'er my dear angel brother,
Till I can meet him up there.

J. J. S., JR.

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MEMOIR OF THE MOST REV. ARCHBISHOP NEALE.

THE ancestors of Archbishop Neale were among the earliest settlers of Maryland, Captain James Neale, the founder of the name in America, having come over with his family some time prior to the year 1642. Captain Neale had been a favorite at the court of Charles I, and his wife, Madam Anna Neale, held an office in the household of the Queen Henrietta Maria. They resided several years afterwards in Spain, where Captain Neale was the accredited agent of the King. According to some accounts, he was an Admiral in the royal Navy, in which position he acquired a large fortune from the prize money that fell to his share in the capture of Spanish vessels. Four of the children of Captain and Madam Anna Neale were born during their sojourn in the Spanish dominions, and the good mother named one of her daughters Henrietta Maria, as a compliment and token of gratitude to her royal friend, the queen of Charles I; the same name has continued through generations to be a favorite one in the family of the Neales. Captain Neale was subsequently

* *Authorities:* Davis' Day-Star of American Freedom; National Intelligencer, October 1, 1856; Notice of Archbishop Neale, by M. C. Jenkins, in the Catholic Magazine, 1844; Catholic Almanac, 1835; Bozman's History of Maryland; Life of Cardinal Cheverus, by Rev. J. Huen Dubourg; Metropolitan, December, 1855, and June, 1856; &c.

Lord Baltimore's negotiator among the burgomasters of Holland. Upon the immigration of himself and family to Maryland, they were all naturalized by an act of Assembly, in consequence, no doubt, of the previous residence of the parents, and the birth of the children, in Spain. Captain Neale purchased a large tract of land in Charles county, with the Spanish coins which he brought with him and known as cob dollars, from which circumstance originated the name of Cob Neck, the place where he settled. He was a prominent and useful man in the affairs of the Colony, in its earliest and purest days of liberal and enlightened Catholic legislation; he became a member of the Governor's Council in 1643; and in 1644 he was summoned, by a special writ of Governor Leonard Calvert, to sit in the colonial legislature. Distinguished as were the ancestors of our Archbishop, in those early days, for their many virtues, and especially for their firm adherence and devotion to the Catholic faith, they and their descendants continued, with heroic courage, to preserve their faith intact, through the long and gloomy period of persecution, which followed and continued to rage during the Protestant ascendancy in Maryland. And at that auspicious moment, the dawn of the American Revolution, when civil and religious liberty was restored in Maryland, the Neales were found, as they had always been, among the sincere and unswerving followers of the faith of their fathers.

Leonard Neale was born near Port Tobacco, Charles county, Maryland, on the fifteenth of October, 1746, of parents in the enjoyment of easy circumstances and high social position. The death of the father devolved upon the widowed mother of five sons and one daughter the responsible, but holy duty, of directing and providing for their education. But, like most of the Catholic matrons of her day in Maryland, Mrs. Neale was fully qualified for the task, beset as it was with many trying difficulties, in consequence of the intolerant and narrow-minded policy, which the colonial government had adopted and continued to pursue with unrelenting severity towards Catholics. Deprived of the right to give a Catholic education to her children in their native country, Mrs. Neale, in order to attain that great object, had already endured a painful separation from two of her sons and an only daughter, who were then pursuing their studies in Europe. With a firmness of purpose, and a fidelity to duty, which religion alone could inspire, as well as bestow the strength necessary to enable the mother's heart to endure the separation, she now tore from her side and committed to the winds and waves of the ocean, two of her younger sons, Charles and Leonard, who were sent to the College of English Jesuits at St. Omer's in French Flanders; Leonard being at the time only twelve years old. These two were subsequently followed by their youngest brother, Francis, upon whom this pious and courageous mother had determined to bestow the same inestimable advantages of a collegiate and Catholic education. Gifted with a quick and capacious mind, the youthful Leonard was very successful in passing through his

academic career at St. Omer's. Having been inclined from early youth to embrace a religious life, and having resolved to dedicate himself in an especial manner to the service of Almighty God in the holy ministry, in which he was doubtlessly influenced as well by the pious training which he had received from his inestimable mother, as by the remarkable example of his brothers and sister,* he went from St. Omer's to Bruges, and then to Liege, where, with equal success and reputation, he made his course of philosophy and theology, and was ordained a priest in the Society of Jesus.

During his sojourn in Europe, Mr. Neale often turned his heart towards his home, and especially towards his good mother, whom he continued to cheer constantly by his affectionate and pious letters. One of his letters is particularly alluded to in Mr. Jenkins' Notice of the Archbishop, in the following terms: "In a letter to his mother written from Bruges, in 1770, Leonard speaks most feelingly and affectionately of his brothers and sister, then scattered about in Europe. That letter, remarkable for its filial and fraternal piety, enters into familiar detail, of the health, dispositions, and capacity of all his family, and announces to his mother the safe arrival of Francis, his younger brother, at St. Omer's. There was much in this letter to repay that mother for her noble and Christian sacrifices; much to console her for the pious direction which her precepts had given to the hearts of her children. Four of her sons had embraced the priesthood, a fifth had declared his intention of following their example; and her daughter Anne had become a nun of the order of St. Clare, at Aire in Artois. What a joyous spectacle was this, for the pious matron, whose soul was wrapt up in the spiritual welfare of her children! To see them one after another, like the family of St. Bernard, embracing a religious life and sacrificing all worldly considerations for those sacerdotal dignities, which they gloried in the more, as they doomed them to so many perils and such arduous trials." Taking up the pious thought thus suggested, it may here be remarked that this heroic family presents an example eminently characteristic of truly Catholic countries and ages, and one well worthy of imitation among Catholics in our own day and country. It was once the pride and glory of the Catholic mother to offer up her children to the special service of the God of Heaven; exhibiting in this a more sublime heroism than that of the matrons of Sparta, dedicating their offspring to the state and the god of war. It was once the hope, nay the constant prayer of the Catholic mothers of old, that at least one of

* The oldest brother, William Chandler, after having embraced a religious life, was ordained a priest and stationed in England, where he finally died in the Manchester Hospital, insane; Benedict was also a priest and died in Maryland in 1787, making the vows of the Society of Jesus on his death-bed; Charles also died in holy orders, April 28, 1823, at Georgetown; Anne, the only sister of the Archbishop, was a nun of the order of Poor Clares at Aire, in Artois: the youngest child, the Rev. Francis, after a long life of extraordinary sanctity, died in Maryland in 1837.

their sons might accept the labors and perils, together with the honors, of the Christian priesthood, and if Heaven demanded the sacrifice, all were freely offered at the altar. It is not surprising, that such heroic dispositions in the parent were frequently rewarded by numerous vocations among Catholic youth, and the instance before us is doubly gratifying, as exhibiting the example and the Catholic heroism of better and more Catholic days and countries within our own once Catholic Maryland.

Shortly after his elevation to the priesthood the Rev. Leonard Neale was called upon to suffer, in common with his fellow religious of the Society of Jesus, a most severe and cruel affliction. The courageous and incorruptible spirit of the Jesuits, in their warfare upon vice and infidelity, had arrayed against that zealous and learned Society the most rancorous and implacable hatred of the corrupt and infidel portions of society in the old world. The courtiers and the political intriguers had formed a dark and odious conspiracy against them, and had for years been pressing the Holy See in vain to suppress their order. At length Pope Clement XIV ascended the papal throne, and was weak and credulous enough to be persuaded, that the suppression of the Jesuits was necessary for the general welfare of the Church; and accordingly that Pontiff, on the sixteenth of August, 1773, issued that most unhappy brief by which the Society of Jesus was suppressed. Like his companions, Father Neale received this stroke with profound grief, but submitted to it with humility and obedience. Together with our illustrious John Carroll and the English Jesuits, he retired to England, where he was received with kindness and consideration. Accepting the care of a small congregation, he devoted himself with great zeal and success to their spiritual service, and for four years edified all by his sanctity and good example. But this field of labor was too contracted for the apostolic zeal and boundless charity of this holy priest. Those divine words, "Go teach all nations," were ever present to his mind, and he longed for an opportunity of preaching the gospel to some heathen nation that knew not God, and of suffering something for the cause of Christ. Instead of returning to his own native home, where friends and comforts awaited him, he sacrificed all, and earnestly petitioned for a foreign mission. His earnest request was granted. Demarara, a town in British Guiana in South America, was assigned him, and in 1779 he set sail from England and arrived at Demarara the same year. A field full of labor, hardships, sufferings and disappointments here awaited this faithful follower of the cross, who only rejoiced in treading a path beset with thorns, in imitation of the Saviour whom he followed. His biographer in the Catholic Almanac thus describes Father Neale's South American mission:—"In this dreary region and unwholesome climate his daily occupation was to dispel the ignorance and reform the vices of the inhabitants. The difficulties which he here encountered were innumerable, and more than once did he hazard his life in the performance of his arduous duties; but Providence crowned his efforts with success, and

encouraged him to surmount every obstacle, by leading hundreds to the sacred font of baptism, where he had the consolation of enrolling them among the followers of Jesus Christ. As he passed one morning among the tents of this uncultivated people, his attention was arrested by the distressing condition of one of the chieftain's family, who lay stretched on the bed of death, without the least hope of recovery. The chief, who was an enemy of the Christian religion, and deeply afflicted by the illness of his child, finding that every effort to restore him was unavailing, appealed at length to the charity of Mr. Neale, and assured him that if the God, whom he worshipped, would raise the youth from his state of suffering, not only he, but all his family, would embrace the faith of Christ. The child was accordingly baptized, after due preparation, and God in his boundless mercy permitted his recovery, which was followed by the immediate conversion of many."

In his efforts among the heathen natives there were many things to gratify the heart and encourage the zeal of Father Neale. But his labors among the settlers were not so successful. All his endeavors to correct their vices and improve their morals proved unsuccessful. So great was their animosity towards the faith, that they would not allow our missionary to have a church, so that he was exposed to all the rigors of that inhospitable climate in the daily discharge of the ordinary duties of his ministry. In addition to his exposures to the climate, and the intensity of his labors, his personal privations and discomforts were so great, that his health began to fail. These temporal sufferings were welcome to the holy priest, for he made them the means of his own sanctification. But it was the little fruit produced from his ministry among that unfortunate people that gave him true sorrow. After four years of zealous and unremitting effort, he became convinced that it was his duty to seek another and more promising vineyard for his missionary labors. "In his letter to the Superior of the Propaganda at Rome dated about the close of the year 1782, and just before his departure from Demarara, he bitterly laments the blindness and corruption of the inhabitants, and announces his determination to quit a people, among whom his labors are so fruitless, and where the difficulties of his mission are almost insuperable." He accordingly sailed from Demarara in January, 1783, for Maryland. After a voyage of many perils and exposures, amongst which was his capture by the British cruisers, he arrived during the month of April of the same year in Maryland, where he was cordially welcomed by his friends and relatives, and by his ex-Jesuit brethren, amongst whom was the Rev. John Carroll, who announced his arrival in a letter to Mr. Plowden in Europe. His arrival in Maryland land was just in time to enable him to take part in the re-organization in the United States of the American Church, of which he was destined to become so bright an ornament. The members of the late Society of Jesus, of which Father Neale had been a member in Europe, had been keeping up a sort of union among themselves in Maryland and

Pennsylvania after the suppression of their order, for the purpose of more effectually conducting the Maryland missions, and of managing their temporalities, of which they were not despoiled in America as they had been in Europe. The Rev. Mr. Lewis was at their head, and was also clothed with regular ecclesiastical authority as the vicar of the Bishop of London. Father Neale united himself to this association of his late brethren, and was stationed at St. Thomas' Manor, near Port Tobacco, in the midst of his relatives and friends. What might naturally have been a position of ease and comfort, he made one of labor and privation. Here, as in England and in Demarara, he led a life of "characteristic self-devotion and exemplary piety." In 1783 he attended the meeting of the clergy of Maryland and Pennsylvania, which was called at Whitemarsh, Prince George's county, after the separation of the colonies from the mother country, and which had for its object "the preservation and well government of all matters and concerns of the clergy and the service of religion in those countries." In the first and subsequent meetings of the clergy the Rev. Mr. Neale was present in his own behalf, and as the representative of the Rev. Messrs. Ignatius Matthews, Lewis Rael and John Bolton, who were then residing with him near Port Tobacco. He took an active part in these important deliberations of the infant American Church, and signed the articles of government adopted in those meetings.

Though Father Neale's position in Charles county was one of zealous and laborious service, he yet longed for some other mission, where he could perform more extensive and more valuable services to religion. In 1793 such a vineyard was presented to his zeal and ardent enthusiasm, and he embraced it with great joy and invincible courage. The city of Philadelphia had been for some months a prey to the ravages of the yellow fever, which continued with unabated violence to strike down its victims in great numbers. In the midst of the appalling calamity, the Catholics of Philadelphia sustained the heaviest of afflictions in the loss of their devoted and untiring pastors, Fathers Gröesler and Fleming, who, while engaged in their self-sacrificing ministry to their flock, fell victims to the plague and their own zeal. Deplorable was the condition of the Catholics of Philadelphia: disease and death stalked abroad in their midst, and there was no priests to cheer the last moments of the expiring victims with the consolations of religion. At this awful crisis the intrepid and veteran Father Neale stood forth ready and anxious to accept the call of his superior, and to fly, like a ministering angel, to the city of the pestilence and of death—a favorite field for him. Undaunted by the enfeebled condition of his own health, Father Neale repaired with cheerfulness to the scene of the plague, and took the place of those noble soldiers of the cross, who had so gloriously fallen at their post. His heroic devotion to the afflicted flock of Philadelphia has ever been the theme of praise, and is a beautiful evidence of the holy character of the true faith. "Amid the scenes of distress that were here encountered, the pious missionary found an ample

scope for the full exercise of his charity and zeal. During the prevalence of the fever he toiled with a strength and cheerfulness, that could not have been expected from one so weak and shattered. He was incessant in his attentions to the welfare of his neighbor, administering the sacraments, consoling the sinner, and performing every spiritual and corporal act of mercy." Father Neale's mission in Philadelphia continued six years. He also held the office of vicar-general to Bishop Carroll. When the yellow fever visited Philadelphia again, in 1797 and 1798, we find him renewing all his exertions in aid of the sick and dying: though bending under his infirmities, he displayed an almost supernatural vigor, amid the exciting scenes of the desolating scourge. In the midst of his charities the good missionary was himself stricken down by the plague. The unalterable patience and admirable resignation to the will of God, with which he bore his sufferings, made him an example to all the other sufferers. "The measure of his usefulness was not yet filled up, for it pleased Almighty God to restore him to health, and spare him for many higher and more important services to his Church." As pastor at Philadelphia, his name is indissolubly connected with the history of the Church in that city. Though a greater part of his missionary life there was one of intense excitement and unremitting labor, in consequence of the repeated visitations of the fever, he still found time to promote the steady growth and permanency of religion there. The following account of the interesting tradition, in relation to the first establishment of a Catholic priest in Philadelphia, is from his pen:—"The Superior of the Jesuits in Maryland, having been informed that there were many Catholics in the capital of Pennsylvania, resolved to endeavor to establish a mission there. The priest* designed for this had an acquaintance in Lancaster of the name of Doyle, whom he visited, and requested him to furnish the name of some respectable Catholic in Philadelphia. Being referred to a wealthy old lady remarkable for her attachment to the ancient faith, he waited on her in the garb of a Quaker, and after making inquiries about the various denominations of Christians in the city, asked first if there were any Catholics, and finally if she was one; to which she answered in the affirmative. He informed her that he was of the same communion. Being informed that the Catholics had no place of worship, he desired to know if they would wish to have a church. To which the lady replied, they would most certainly, but the great difficulty would be to find a clergyman; for although there were priests in Maryland, it was impossible to procure one from thence. He then informed the lady that he was a priest, and of the intention of his visit. Overjoyed at the sight of a priest after many years privation of that consolation, she communicated the intelligence to her Catholic acquaintance, and invited them to meet him at her house. A

* Father Gréaton, who went to Philadelphia in 1730; the house in which he first performed the sacred offices was on the north-west corner of Front and Walnut streets.

considerable number assembled, the most of whom were Germans. The priest explained to them the object of his visit, and a subscription was immediately commenced to procure the means to purchase ground and build a church. With the money raised they purchased the house and lot belonging to the lady, who also acted very generously in promoting the pious undertaking."

To be continued.

SISMONDI AND CATHOLIC MORALITY.

SISMONDI has been praised for his patient research and some other qualities of a good historian. But like too many other men of genius, whose natural acquirements make them indifferent to the necessity of supernatural gifts, he shows too little regard for religion. He does not see that the virtues which illustrate the period of which he writes, were directly or indirectly a fruit of the religion by which "the Son of God made men free indeed." In his zeal for theorizing he seeks for causes of the evils which afflicted Italy, and instead of recognizing them in the rebellion of human passions against the teachings of the Church, he attributes them to the Church herself. In his large *History of the Italian Republics*, ch. cxxvii, he enters on the domain of Theology, of which he exhibits a very superficial knowledge, and undertakes to show that the false morality of the Church was a fruitful source of the errors and miseries which afflicted the people of Italy during their intestine wars. He seems not to remark the fact that the greatest evils of that country, had their existence during the very time when the Church had the least influence and liberty there. During the tenth and eleventh centuries, the Holy See itself was in great measure under the dominion of the petty rulers of neighboring states; and in the fourteenth the Popes could not hold their own territories, nor even live in Italy, but were forced to reside at Avignon. Sismondi's opinions on morals, are such as might be expected of a man of natural rectitude and refined feelings, but not guided by the sound principles of religion. He lays down maxims, or throws out remarks calculated to please a reader who has not well learned his catechism: and even a good Catholic who feels that they are not in harmony with the doctrines or the spirit of the Church, will often be at a loss to see where the error lies.

The illustrious Manzoni, who ranks even higher among Italian authors than Sismondi, has exposed and refuted many of these errors of his countryman, in a series of essays, entitled *Observations on Catholic Morality*. In each of these he quotes a paragraph from Sismondi, and then proceeds to examine the nature of the vice or virtue, or of the rule of conduct, which the Historian speaks of. He shows that the moral teaching of the

Church flows necessarily from the acknowledged doctrines of the Gospel: and what is perhaps more captivating to the ordinary reader, he probes deeply into the human heart, exhibits and analyses its interior sentiments, and shows how they too, when not corrupted by error or passion, confirm the highest moral doctrines of the Church. He does this too with all the respect and courtesy towards his adversary, which Catholic charity makes common among Italian writers. The article on Humility contains an examination of the nature and obligations of this virtue which we think will prove interesting to our readers; and we are sure it will be serviceable to every one who will take pains to read it carefully.

His observations on the confessions of Rousseau furnish an example of his close search into the human heart. And probably they form the most practical part of the essay: for many a good man may, if he chooses, recognize in the picture some features of his own interior, and perhaps be led thereby to examine whether pride is such a stranger to his soul as he might imagine.

MODESTY AND HUMILITY.

"THE most amiable quality of a superior man is Modesty. This virtue does not exclude a reasonable pride, which a man finds so serviceable to support him in his weaknesses, and console him in adversity. But in the place of modesty, the casuist (the Catholic theologian) has substituted humility, a sentiment associated with the most insulting contempt for others." SISMONDI—*Ital. Repub. ch. cxxvii.*

I shall not undertake to defend the casuists against the charge of substituting humility in the place of modesty; in other words, of inventing humility. For this virtue is so expressly inculcated in the Sacred Scriptures, that I must suppose that the words which seem to convey the accusation, have some other meaning which I have not been able to penetrate.

I shall rather confine myself to an examination of the nature of these two virtues, from which we shall see that modesty without humility, either has no existence, or certainly is not a virtue; that when a man praises modesty, either he is using a word without meaning, or he is rendering homage to the truthfulness of Catholic teaching. For the actions and sentiments which pass under the name of modesty, have no foundation nor value unless in that virtue of humility which is taught in Catholic theology.

We must call to mind one of the general principles of religious morals; that every sentiment which religion commands us to cherish, is founded on the absolute truth of some idea. I suppose it is not necessary to prove this principle: it is so perfectly in accordance with reason, that it need only be announced; every one will assent to it. If we apply it then to our subject, we see that for modesty to be truly a virtue, two conditions are necessary:—first, it must be the expression not of a pretended, but of a real sentiment existing in the heart;—secondly, this sentiment must be founded on some truth:—that is, it must be sincere and it must be reasonable.

What is modesty? I am afraid it is not very easy to give an answer. To define a term, means commonly to specify the one constant sense in which men are accustomed to use it. But when men vary in their application of a word, how can you express all the various meanings in one definition? Every one has heard of the observation made by Locke, that most of the disputes on questions of philosophy have arisen from men's attaching different meanings to the same words. He says there are very few terms conveying complex ideas, that two men will use to express exactly the same collection of ideas.* This great diversity, or more properly latitude of signification, is met with more frequently among the terms employed to express moral dispositions.

But on the other hand it is equally certain that when men make use of these broad-meaning terms, they do understand each other at least with regard to a portion of the ideas embraced under them. They could not dispute with one another, if they did not stand in some respect on common ground; if they did not partly agree in the meaning which they attribute to the word. Hence it has been said that there are no disputes about words only; they are always about ideas. The explanation I think is to be found in this fact: that every term of this kind expressing complex moral notions, always contains one predominant and general idea, which every person sees alike: but when we apply the term to real life, it is subject to numberless modifications, according to the diversity of minds. This predominant idea remains always conspicuous, and gives character and direction, if we may say so, to the whole collection of ideas to which we apply the term. Now, in the diversified group of sentiments, thoughts, and actions, and that whole comportment to which we apply the term modesty, it seems to me that this predominant idea is,—an acknowledgment of a greater or less want of perfection. I think this definition embraces better than any other all the possible applications of the term: and from this we shall be able to deduce another, not less comprehensive and more philosophical. For in matters of this kind there seem to me to be two ways of defining. We may give a definition which abstracts from all the collateral ideas, and expresses that predominant one which we have said is always to be found among the others. Or we may give a definition containing the reasons on which that idea is founded, and making our notions of it more precise; so that in applying the term we can see the reasons for doing so, and have a security of being right. Such a definition as this circumscribes the true meaning of the word, and shows in what sense it must be used, if we wish to convey a truthful idea: it may be called a philosophical definition. The difference between the two will be seen more clearly as we proceed; for I think we can find a precise definition of this second kind for the virtue of modesty.

Admitting for the present the former definition, I put this question.

* Essay on the Human Understanding. B. III, ch. x. Abuse of words.

When you praise a man's modesty because he manifests this sense of his own imperfection, do you suppose that he is truly persuaded of it or not? If he is not, then his modesty is not a virtue but a vice: it is pretence and hypocrisy. If he is persuaded of it, then he is either right or wrong in his persuasion. If wrong, he is in ignorance and error. Now we cannot give the name of virtue to a sentiment which a man will have to reject when he makes a closer examination, when he obtains a better knowledge of the truth, when he gets a clearer light to see by. For then we should have to admit that there are virtues opposed to truth, in other words, that sometimes virtue is but a chimera. When we praise a man then for his modesty, unless we mean to imply that he is a hypocrite or a simpleton, we must understand that this virtue is founded on a correct knowledge of himself, and that the knowledge of self will always furnish a man with good reasons why he ought to be modest. I say always; for if it were not so, there would be cases in which a man might reasonably entertain the sentiment opposed to this virtue: and, indeed, the more he advanced in the other virtues, the more he should have to diminish his modesty, because he would certainly be approaching nearer to perfection: and thus the improvement of the soul would lead by logical consequence to the renouncing of a virtue;—which is absurd. Now this constant reason for modesty, existing in all men without exception, is found in the two-fold idea of ourselves, which revelation gives us, and which constitutes at the same time the reason for the precept of humility. Humility is nothing else but the knowledge of one's self; and this two-fold idea on which it is based, is, that man is corrupt and inclined to evil, and that whatsoever of good there is in him, is a gift of God:—so that every one can and must say to himself on all occasions: "What hast thou that thou hast not received? And if thou hast received, why dost thou boast as if thou hadst not received it?"*

It was because of the second reason only, that the Saviour of men, though he possessed all perfections, or rather because he possessed them, was perfect likewise in humility. For he had a perfect knowledge of himself; he was inaccessible to those passions which lead men astray in their judgments of themselves, and consequently he saw with absolute clearness that the infinite perfections which he possessed in his human nature, were gratuitous gifts.

We shall give a clear and philosophical idea of modesty in all men, if we define it to be:—the expression of humility, the deportment of a man conscious that he is subject to error and liable to do wrong, and that all the good which he possesses is a gift which he may lose through his own weakness and depravity. If we do not admit this notion of modesty, it is a deceit or an imbecility: if we do admit it, it is a virtue founded on reason. With this notion of it, it is easy to explain the universal appro-

* I Cor. iv. 7.

bation of men for this virtue; and their approbation becomes an argument.

We praise a modest man not only because by remaining in a low place, or keeping himself out of view, he gives us a little more room to rise, and leaves a little more attention to be fixed on us: we do not admire him merely as a competitor who withdraws from the contest. It is true that the interests of our own passions have a share which we are not always aware of, in our judgments of approval or disapproval: but still every one on examination can discover in himself a disposition to give approbation without reference to self-interest, but simply because of the beautiful which he recognizes in the thing approved of. It would be easy to prove the existence of such a disposition in the heart by examples; but every one feels it in himself,—it is a fact.

We do not praise modesty only because it is something rare, and difficult to practise. There are some evil habits which but few men have, and which they have not acquired without considerable violence to themselves, and yet no one admires them.

Nor do we praise modesty even because it unites in itself the two qualities of being favorable to our interests and difficult of practice. The Old Man of the Mountain derived great advantage from the credulity and devotion of those who cast themselves down the precipice at his bidding, and he knew that it was a difficult exercise of obedience; and yet he could not have any great esteem of those men, whom he knew to be the miserable dupes of his imposture.

We approve and praise the modest man, because notwithstanding the strong inclination which every one feels to over-estimate himself, he has the virtue to form an impartial and truthful judgment of himself; the virtue to impose on himself a law to render testimony to the truth, though hard and painful. In short, modesty pleases us because it is at once useful, difficult and truthful. Examine all reasonable ideas about modesty, and they will all harmonize with this.

"The most amiable quality of a superior man is modesty." Indeed it is commonly observed that modesty increases in proportion to a man's superiority: and this is easily explained if we look at it in the light of religion. Superiority is nothing else but an advancement in the knowledge and love of the true: the one makes a man humble, and the other makes him modest.

Here is a man who fears praise and shuns it. Now praise is an agreeable thing, and there seems to be no dishonesty in wishing to receive it when offered spontaneously: and yet the conduct of this man in shunning it, is approved by all who appreciate true virtue. This is simply because his conduct is conformable to reason. The modest man feels that praises set before his mind only a partial view of himself, and precisely that view which he is already most inclined to contemplate and exaggerate; whereas to know himself well he has need of considering himself on every side.

He feels that praise is very apt to puff him up and make him attribute to himself what is a gift of God, make him imagine that he possesses some excellence strictly his own,—which is an error. Consequently he avoids praise; he conceals his good actions; and his most elevated sentiments which would make men admire him, he keeps under the guardianship of his own heart. He knows that the inclination to display these things, is an impulse of pride, a desire to be distinguished from others, to be noted, and to be esteemed as high as possible, instead of being set at his true value.

But when truth and charity require it, he lets others see the good that is in him, and gives testimony in his own favor, as far as he is sure of not deceiving himself nor them. We have a beautiful example of this in the conduct of St. Paul, when the interests of his sacred ministry make it necessary for him to reveal to the Corinthians the magnificent favors which he had received from God. Finding himself obliged to speak of things calculated to exalt him in the eyes of others, he takes care to render to God all the glory of them; and then he adds of his own accord the confession of his miseries, things most humiliating to an apostle, whose sublime mission would seem to exclude the idea not only of a fall, but even of a temptation. Who would have imagined that a soul rapt up to the heavens, and given to understand "secret words which it is not granted to man to utter,"* could still be suffering from the violent warfare of the sensual appetites? He speaks of it himself: he descends from the chaste and lofty visions of the third heaven, to exhibit himself in the arena as an ordinary sinner struggling against the flesh. Since he is obliged to reveal the hidden things of his soul, he lays open the entire view, so that he may be known not in part only, but as he is.

If modesty is humility reduced to practice, it cannot be associated with pride, which is the very opposite of humility, and there cannot be such a thing as reasonable pride. The man who takes complacency in himself, the man who does not acknowledge that there is a law in his members fighting against the law of his mind,† the man who presumes to promise himself that of his own strength he will choose good rather than evil, in difficult conjunctures, such a man is miserably deceived, and is unreasonable in his expectations. The man who sets himself above others is rash: he is a party in the case, and he takes himself for judge. If by reasonable pride is meant a man's acknowledging the existence of the good that has been done, without attributing it to himself, and without being puffed up by it, that is a legitimate sentiment; a man is bound to acknowledge the truth. But that is not forbidden by humility: it is itself an exercise of humility; and to do otherwise is contrary to the teaching of Catholic morality: it is falsehood and pride. For a man who supposes that if he judges himself correctly he shall have much to boast of, and that he must

* 11 Cor. xii, 4-7.

† Rom. vii, 23.

disguise himself to his own eyes to preserve humility, is a poor proud creature. But then, we must be allowed to call this correct sentiment by another name instead of pride: not that we wish to cavil about a word, but because pride is a term appropriated exclusively to the signifying of a false sentiment, one that is vicious in whatsoever degree it may exist. And since in many cases the exterior conduct will be the same in one who has humility, and in one who has not, it is important to confine to its own meaning that particular word which specifies the interior sentiment.* Pride then can never be reasonable; and consequently it can never afford support to human weakness, nor consolation in adversity.

These are fruits of humility. Humility supports us in our weakness by teaching us to know it and to keep it always before our minds. It is humility that makes us watch, and pray to Him who commands us to practise virtue, and gives what he commands. Humility teaches us to "lift up our eyes to the mountains, from whence help shall come to us."† And in adversity, consolations flow down upon the humble soul, who acknowledges that he deserves to suffer, and experiences that sense of joy which arises from acquiescence in the awards of justice. Remembering his faults,

* We have heard the phrases "honest pride," "virtuous pride," defended against this censure, on the ground that in English the word "pride" means properly a sense of one's own dignity,—a sentiment not sinful in itself, as Manzoni remarks, but only made sinful when it is inordinate. But we have not met any dictionary which gives this as the proper primary meaning of the word. Webster defines it first "Inordinate self-esteem." We are not aware of its being used in a good sense in the Sacred Scriptures, neither in the Catholic nor the Protestant versions:—Almost all the great vices have particular names in English, which are used exclusively in a bad sense; such as covetousness, lust, fraud, envy, &c. It would be strange if there were no exclusive name for that great sin, which the Holy Ghost declares to be the root of all the others. "Pride is the beginning of all sin." (Ecclesiasticus x, 15.) Finally we see from our Essay, that it is not a peculiarity of the English language: such phrases are used in French and Italian, although censured by clear-minded Catholics like Manzoni. If we analyze the sense in which they are used, we may often discover that it is really the sin of pride that is spoken of. When we say that such a man has too much honest pride to beg, we commonly mean that he has dispositions contrary to humility; that he is very unwilling to be lowered in the esteem of others: so that if he were obliged by a dispensation of Providence to take to begging, he would murmur against the humiliation. This is pride in its sinful sense. It can only be called honest, because it induces him in this case to do exteriorly what is honest,—bear with some privations rather than impose on the charity of others: but the interior sentiment is not virtuous:—just as cowardice may make a man overlook an insult, and yet it is a very different sentiment from generous forgiveness. The truth is, that too many modern writers, disregarding the teachings of the Church, have really like Sismondi ceased to believe that pride is sinful. They condemn vanity, arrogance and other external manifestations of pride, which are disagreeable to persons around us, but not the interior sentiment of thinking highly of ourselves, or giving to ourselves the credit of what good is in us. Looseness of language on moral subjects is closely associated with baseness of principle: and we commend it to consideration whether it would not be better for the cause of virtue, if this word expressing the interior sinful sentiment, were never used in such a connection as to soften our abhorrence for pride, the great first sin, the principle of all rebellion of the creature against the Creator,—self-exaltation.

† Ps. cxx, 1.

he looks on adversity as a visitation from God who designs to pardon, not as a blow from blind fate. He grows in dignity and purity, because he feels that every pain he bears with resignation, cancels some of those stains which make him less fair in the eyes of God. Nay more, he learns even to love adversity, because it makes him "conformable to the image of the Son of God;"* and instead of fretting himself away in weak and empty complaints, he gives thanks to God for those very things, which were he left to himself, would exhort the groans of wretchedness, or the cry of rebellion. But what can pride do? When God "has humbled the proud one as one that is slain," will pride be a healing balm for his wounds? What service can it do us in our afflictions, unless to make us hate them as an injustice done us, and keep us perpetually disquieting ourselves and chafing our sores, by comparisons between what we imagine we deserve, and what we have to suffer? The key to all peace in this life, is the conformity of man's will to the will of God in his regard; and who is farther removed from this conformity, than the proud man when he is stricken with adversity? Pride is garrulous in time of misfortune, if it finds any one to listen. It spends itself in demonstrating that things ought not to be as God has been pleased to dispose them. If the proud man keeps silent it is a forced silence, and is filled with bitterness and contempt for others: he is afraid even of commiseration. Those boasted consolations of men who pretend to find in their own hearts compensation for their sufferings,—unless that compensation be the peace of resignation and Christian hope,—are nothing else but an artifice of pride itself, dreading to let its fallen state be seen, for fear its humiliation might be a grateful spectacle to the pride of others. God knows what kind of consolations these are. It is enough to read the *Confessions* of the unhappy Rousseau, to have a good idea of them, and understand the condition of a heart that is diseased with pride, and calls in pride to its relief. He reverts to the humiliations which he has suffered in society, and recalls the most minute circumstances attending them. The philosopher who had meditated so deeply and written so much on the corruption of social man, had not prepared his own soul to meet injustice. When he encounters it, he loses all peace, and knows not how to recover it. He measures himself against those who have offended him, or treated him with neglect: he finds himself superior to them, and frets himself away with the thought that these should be the very men to offend or neglect him. Their words, their looks, their silence, all come up before his mind. He broods over it all in the bitterness of his soul. You may form an idea of the tortures of his pride, from his hatred of those who have wounded it. How he judges them! how he paints them! The chastisement is more cruel than the offence. He makes sure of imparting to his thousands of readers the same sentiments of hatred and contempt which torment his own soul; and when

* Rom. viii, 29.

he thinks he has taken his revenge, he says: "It was beyond my reach, and is beyond it now."* And yet, if there ever was what the world calls a just pride, who is there that had better grounds to build it on than Rousseau? We see in him a mind of vast capacity and of deep penetration, and what is more difficult, often independent of prevailing opinions;—an eloquence that intoxicates the reader, that stirs up to enthusiasm even those trifling souls who take nothing seriously to heart but their amusements:—an eloquence that searches out the deepest feelings common to the human heart, even in souls where they lie stifled under the passions of luxury and vanity; that breaks up for a while inveterate habits of indifference, draws men along by force and commands obedience; persuades them of the truth that false genius had forgotten or denied, and of the falsehood that reason would reject. We see a man, whose fame spread so rapidly and so widely, that the common crowd of authors had no envy, because they had no thought of rivalling him:—only those veteran writers could be envious of his glory, who thought they were merely encouraging rising merit, and applauding success which could never obscure their own. If all these qualities, united with contempt for honors and fortune, can furnish grounds for reasonable pride,—where is there another man that might have been more justly proud than Rousseau? And yet with all these endowments to console, nay to elevate him with sentiments of triumph,—after all, what are the ills he suffers? He has a worldly friend who wants to play master with him, and prescribe to him how he is to act. He has another to whom he formerly extended his protection, and who now wishes to appear his patron, and takes precedence of him at the table of a lady friend of the same kind. Alas! 'tis true, we ought not to be parsimonious in the distribution of our sympathies, and weigh in our own scales the troubles that press on others' hearts. The man who suffers knows what his suffering is, and if weakness of mind makes him exaggerate the ill, 'tis a weakness common to us all,—and 'tis another reason to excite our pity. But yet when we think over the multitude of wrongs endured by the great souls of Christendom; when we recall the persecutions, the calumnies and the ignominies of which the Saints drank so deeply, and then the cheerfulness with which they bore these trials, the patience with which they awaited the manifestation of the truth, without seeking it in this life, the delight they felt in pouring out their feelings before God alone, feelings not of complaint but of thanksgiving,—and when we reflect that they did all this because they were humble,—then we can feel and understand clearly that the great, the true source of that man's unhappiness was his pride.

If under the injustice of some few men, he had recognized the justice of God, it would have lost its bitterness. But he looks for perfect equity from men. He makes his own mind a superior court; to reverse every

* *Cela me passait, et me passe encore. Confessions, ii. Partie, liv. xx.*

judgment that others pass against him: and this idea of injustice growing always stronger by his struggle against it, predominates over all the others: it becomes his one idea and he applies it to all mankind: it is a worm in his soul that never dies. He thinks that all around him are taken up with himself: they are all his enemies, the study of all mankind is to dishonor him and make him unhappy. It is a pitiable phenomenon in human nature, that the predominant idea of pride, the thought of occupying a great space in the attention of others, comes to be the very source of its wretchedness. He has emptied the cup of glory, but his intoxication is painful and melancholy. The look of an unknown person whom he meets on the street, the curious gaze of an admirer, the whisper that passes in his presence,—all are signs of a conspiracy against him, they are all premeditated to do him wrong. The unhappy man while writing the history of his vexations, gives forth from time to time an expression of contempt for men's judgments, and of reliance on the testimony of his own conscience, which seem to indicate that he has recovered his tranquillity: but the very next sentence shows that his trouble weighs as heavy as before. He writes for the sake of throwing off this hatred that is weighing him down. He appeals to mankind, though he believes all men unjust: but to whose hands shall he entrust his writing, since every man is his enemy? He thinks him of Almighty God, and resolves to deposite his justification in his holy sanctuary: but because he finds a gate closed which he had expected to see standing open, he takes that as a sign that God himself is against him!* Unhappy man! If he had approached the altar as he had intended, if he had come before it with his heart open, if he had remembered that he who is adored upon that altar, is the same who "opened not his mouth, but was dumb as the lamb before the shearer," the same who says: "come to me all ye that are heavy burdened and I will refresh you," the same whose divinity Jean Jacques had declared in such magnificent language, ah! he too would have found consolation, and it would have been great "according to the multitude of his sorrows."

Ah! if in the course of life which we have yet to run, there are difficulties and sorrows lying before us, if there is a time of trial coming for us; let us pray that when it comes it may find us humble, that we may be ready to bow our heads under the hand of God, when it passes over us.

From what has been said of humility, it necessarily follows that if there is any sentiment which makes it impossible to show insulting contempt for others, it is certainly humility. Contempt arises from comparing ourselves with others, and giving ourselves the preference. How then can it ever find root in the heart of a man who habitually contemplates and bewails his own miseries, attributes all his merits to the gift of God, and confesses that if God does not restrain him by his holy grace, he is capable of running loose into every wickedness?

* See *Histoire du précédent écrit*, annexed to the Decalogues, entitled, *Roujseau, Juge de Jean Jacques*.

THE EXILE'S PRAYER.

[In his work on the Mind, Dr. Rush mentions the fact, attested by clergymen of his acquaintance, that the aged foreigners whom they attended generally prayed, on their death-beds, in their native language, though in many cases they had not spoken it for fifty or sixty years.]

He speaks! The lingering locks, that cold
And few and gray, fall o'er his brow,
Were bright, with childhood's clustered gold,
When last that voice was heard as now.
He speaks! and as with flickering blaze
Life's last dim embers, waning, burn,
Fresh from the unsealed fount of praise,
His childhood's gushing words return.

Ah! who can tell what visions roll
Before those wet and clouded eyes,
As, o'er the old man's parting soul,
His childhood's wakened memories rise!
The fields are green and glad some still,
That smiled around his sinless home,
And back, from ancient vale and hill,
Exultant echoes bounding come!

He treads that soil, the first he pressed—
He shouts with all his boyish glee—
He rushes to his mother's breast—
He clasps and climbs his father's knee—
And then—the prayer that nightly rose,
Warm from his lisping lips, of yore,
Bursts forth, to bless that evening's close
Whose slumbers earth shall break no more!

Dark though our brightest lot may be,
From toil to sin and sorrow driven,
Sweet childhood! we have still, in thee,
A link that holds us near to heaven!
When Mercy's errand angels bear,
'Tis in thy raiment that they shine,
And if one voice reach Mercy's ear,
That blessed voice is surely thine!

God of his fathers! may the breath
That upward wafts the exile's sigh,
Rise, fragrant, from the lips of death,
As the first prayer of infancy!
Frown not, if through his childhood, back,
The old man heavenward seeks his way—
Thy light was on that morning track,
It can but lead to Thee and day!

X.

ASTRONOMICAL EXPEDITION.

UNITED STATES NAVAL ASTRONOMICAL EXPEDITION TO THE SOUTHERN HEMISPHERE. Lieut. *J. M. Gillis*, Superintendent. Washington: A. O. P. Nicholson, Printer.

THIS is the title of a work, in two large volumes, published by the Senate of the United States. The superintendent is, if we are correctly informed, an *eleve* of Georgetown College, and was placed at the head of the Expedition on account, it must be presumed, of his learning, and standing in the navy. From his training in the above named distinguished institution, under the care and instruction of the Jesuits, we had every reason to hope that he would have accomplished the task assigned him by his country with justice as well as ability. Whether he has satisfied the public expectation by his scientific qualifications, we do not intend to examine. This, as the Senate has sanctioned his work, is supposed to be taken for granted. But as respects his impartiality, in perusing only one part of the first volume, we have found evidence enough of his want of that essential attribute of an historiographer. For instance, in the seventh chapter, in which he treats of "the Church and its ceremonies," he indulges in the following incoherent remarks, respecting the Eucharist and the manner of administering the Viaticum:

"Leaving the question of transubstantiation to be discussed by theologians, and *admitting the propriety of such pomps*, if the Catholic side of the argument be true, there are circumstances connected with the administration of the sacrament to bring it into disrepute."—p. 157.

The superintendent does not take upon himself to deny the doctrine of transubstantiation, and is willing to admit the propriety of pomp in conveying the Viaticum to the sick; but finds fault with the hurry with which the sacrament is administered: the priest, he says, remains so short a time in the sick room as to leave a doubt on his mind whether the "passage of the wafer had been expedited down the throat" of the dying man. Truly dignified language! Again, in speaking of the communion at mass:

"If it be the notable body of Christ they are dispensing—a belief they perseveringly endeavor to force upon others by humbling them before it, on all occasions—it is undoubtedly treated with *very little reverence even by themselves*."—p. 158. And, then, as if to substantiate this unfounded assertion, he adds: "even the better classes being unable to control sentiments of indignation wherever there is an imagined disrespect to their observances."

Now here is a manifest contradiction. In one paragraph it is asserted that "very little reverence" is paid to the Eucharist, and on the other, that so great is their respect for it, that unbelieving strangers are compelled to comport themselves reverentially in its presence. And why should they not? Or, if the mass of foreign spectators are disposed to act with levity on such occasions, why was it necessary for a commissioner from the Uni-

ted States, one who should have acted always with decorum and dignity, to be compelled to conduct himself in a manner becoming his position and congenial to the feelings of the people by whom he was surrounded? And yet his deportment was not always in accordance with the veneration which they felt and evinced in the churches. This he has the simplicity to acknowledge:

"One morning an old gentleman felt bound to speak in behalf of the offended dignity of his Church, demanding in a most violent tone: 'how dare you sit there whilst others kneel?' Thinking that he might desire to read me a lecture after mass, on church behavior, I moved to the farther end of the bench, in order that proximity as he passed out should prevent forgetfulness of my existence: but he could not afford to waste more breath on a heretic, and was content to express his indignation and pity by looks."—p. 158.

Why did not the superintendent conform with the customs of the people, and accommodate himself to their services, in church? It would have cost him no sacrifice of principle to kneel, when they knelt, and he would have been spared the humiliation of having been publicly rebuked by the old gentleman. No wonder, that to resent the insult, he designates the conduct of that personage as the effect of intolerance and bigotry. And not content with contemning the respect required at mass, he vents his indignation upon the whole Catholic Church, his former professors included, in these courteous terms:

"They (the Catholics) would yet have us all believe the earth remains motionless in space, as mental progress undoubtedly would *do did* they universally control mankind."

The mathematician of Georgetown College, and the American Jesuits in general, must consider themselves highly complimented by their pupil, who, having derived all his learning from them, now turns upon his benefactors, and charges them with withholding all science and progressive instruction from the youth under their direction. It seems to us, if he determined to avenge himself on the Chilians for obliging him to behave himself in church, he might have circumscribed his abuse to their country, and not have extended it to the whole Catholic world.

The superintendent contradicts himself at every step. Just now he complained that no respect is paid by the people to their religious worship, and a little after, in his article on *Ash Wednesday*, he writes in these terms:

"Nothing is more impressive to the stranger's mind than to find himself in a crowded thoroughfare in which the multitude *reverentially* fall to their knees, and uncover themselves at the first stroke of the cathedral bell. The upturned faces of a silent multitude, and the death-like stillness which that single vibration has imposed on all within its sound, forces a feeling of solemnity on the mind."—p. 162.

In this passage he confesses that the multitude act with reverence, and that the spectacle produced a solemn impression upon his mind. Conse-

quently he condemns himself in his former allegations, and vindicates the people from his own aspersions.

Our author seems to have written more under the influence of temperament than of consistency and candor. If he sallies from his study on a fine morning, in high spirits and good humor, he does not complain of anything he sees: on the contrary he is pleased with the very things which, when in bad temper, or in a surly mood, he finds most fault with. When he attended the funeral services of Don — he seems to have been in rather good spirits, otherwise he would not have written in the following terms:

"A darkened edifice, with funeral drapings lighted only by tapers and pale-blue unearthly flames of the vases, with the solemn melody of the priests and singers, as beneath the spectral gleam they passed from side to side, or knelt in obedience to the rubric, were well calculated to render the ceremonies and scene imposing. *I could not but* think the object and its results far more likely to awaken virtuous energies, to arouse philanthropic spirit, and draw man nearer to his Creator, than many of the incomprehensible pageants so often witnessed."—p. 164.

That is, we should add, so often witnessed when not in the same buoyant and ingenious mood, as on the present occasion.

In the above quotation, "obedience to the ritual" produced a very solemn effect, drew the superintendent nearer his Creator—but a short while after, assisting at a pontifical high mass, he styles these rubrical observances which edified him then, mere "theatrical shiftings;" and, bethinks him of what his Protestant readers would no doubt have considered an unpardonable forgetfulness on his part had he not brought it in at last, viz. that it would be better to read "more prayers in a language understood by the audience." Perhaps had the prayers been in Spanish they would have been just about as much understood by most strangers as in Latin. Certainly the superintendent, who had gone through a regular classic course at Georgetown, should be among the last to complain of the language of St. Ambrose and St. Leo being still used in the liturgy of the *Latin Church*. But his work would have been incomplete if he had not joined his voice with the thousands and more who, understanding neither the language nor the doctrines of the Church, inveigh, as a matter of course, against both.

No one should better know than our author the difference between the Church and the external ceremonies of religious worship. The former, in as much as her doctrines are concerned, is everywhere the same, in Rome, among the cordilleras of the Andes, and at Washington. Her rubrics are likewise the same in all climes. But the other outward display of ceremonies varies with the customs of different nations. In the United States there are no grand processions, half religious, half national, as in all countries whose inhabitants are exclusively Catholic, and where the Church is more or less united with the State. Those exhibitions, no doubt, partake very much of the national characteristics of the people, and even to au

American Catholic may appear as strange as to an American Protestant. But as the former does not identify his faith with the mere holiday pomps of a foreign people, neither should the latter assume them as an argument against the doctrinal teachings of the Church, which swayed the minds and hearts of Europe before the Andes were discovered. What right has the Protestant looker on as the procession of "*nuestra Señora del Carmen*" passes by, to exclaim: "what reverence or *faith* was exhibited in the countenances of the people may be told in one word—none!"—p. 174.

The Chilians, whom the whole world acknowledges to be the most enlightened and liberal people in South America, are not treated with the consideration to which they are entitled—not only their religion is scoffed at, by the superintendent, but the morality of their ladies is dealt with in an unbecoming manner. After stating (p. 146, v. i) that in all countries where the Catholic religion is exclusive, the customs of society prohibit unmarried ladies from receiving the visits of gentlemen, or from being in their company unless attended by one of the parents, a brother, or married female friend, he asks:

"Whence its origin? No one can believe that the unmarried girl has inclinations or propensities that compel the mother to exercise this want of confidence, . . . and therefore that such is the condition of society in Catholic countries reflects most vitally on the honor of their men, or upon the tenets of their creed. Has Protestantism the effect to render the women of a country tolerating it more chaste, or are the men more honorable by nature: what is it? One or the other, or both, it must be. For the confessional, that terrible engine of power, (and debasement, too, perhaps,) sways an irresistible moral influence."—p. 146.

The custom which he complains of in Chili, which he traces to the want of honor in her men, and of corruption in her priesthood, is not exclusively peculiar to Catholic countries. It exists in Protestant countries in Europe, and with great rigor, especially in those cantons of Switzerland where there are no confessionals. That a Protestant gentleman is more distinguished for his honor than a Catholic, is a new theory; especially when that honor is a gift of "nature." We are of opinion that, naturally, it is neither because a man is of one or another religion that he is more or less honorable: but, we will add, that a man who is naturally honorable becomes supernaturally so by shaping his conduct according to the guidance of virtue and faith. And, moreover, a Catholic gentleman who submits to the confessional with the requisite dispositions, will be true to its hallowed influences under all circumstances. The confessional may be deemed by proud worldly men debasing: it is acknowledged by all to be humiliating, but it is the most salutary and effective check on the natural propensities of the human heart.

Lieut. Gillis was sent by government on an astronomical expedition. He should have confined himself more particularly to the national object in view, instead of playing the part of a sectarian missionary. Had he been deputed by some evangelical society for the purpose of converting

the superstitious Chilians to the gospel, he could not have indulged in a more bigoted cant than he has adopted as a volunteer against the Catholic faith. And yet, somehow or other, notwithstanding all his slang, he evinces, by turns, a strange indecision with regard to every creed. In this particular, he would seem to undo in one paragraph all that he has been weaving together, with singular inconsistency, in another: and leads the reader to conclude that he himself, critic as he may be against a Catholic people, has no religious convictions whatever. We arrive especially at this conclusion from the following passage:

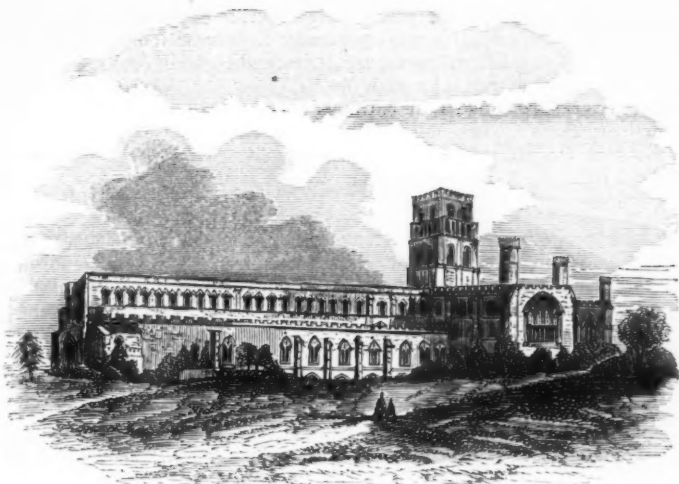
"The Catholic Church on one hand, with its door so broad that tottering children, inebriate grey beards, and dissolute priests staggering under the sports of the gambling-table or cock-pit, may enter without the risk of striking the side-posts, pronounces the doom of everlasting punishment on all who do not avail themselves of it, on the other hand, the *ranting Methodist*, with a torrent of verbiage breathing of the fires of hell, and other gross appeals to the fears of the timid, boldly denounces the followers of the Pope as idolators beyond the pale of salvation. Here are the extremes. One adheres to the rites, ceremonies, and autocratic government *perhaps essential ere the light of education was so generally diffused*: the other is almost destitute of fixed rule, and to a fault democratic in discipline. Which is right?"—p. 171, v. i.

Aye, Mr. Superintendent, which is right! here lies the difficulty: here is the all important question. If you would desire to have that question seriously answered, go ask your ancient alma mater at Georgetown.

We cannot say that we are in favor of the censorship of the press. We deprecate its abuse, however, and really are of opinion that before the Senate sanctions any production, as a public document, they should see that it has been revised, and that it be purged of every ingredient that might prove offensive to any class of citizens—Catholic or Methodist.

— corripge sodes
Hoc, aiebat, et hoc.

A public document is intended for public utility and information. But when the Catholic or "ranting Methodist" goes into the library of the capitol, and opens these ponderous tomes which are lying on the table, he reads but a few lines before he is insulted, and, of course, he closes them up and throws them aside with disgust. Of what advantage, we would enquire of the Senate, is such a document? Cui bono? Had the superintendent written a private book of travels, he might have been free to fill it with as much trash as he pleased; but then it is very doubtful whether he could have found a publisher to risk the expense of printing it. The Senate have appropriated a large sum of the people's money for the publication of slanders, misrepresentations, and puerile descriptions, which are spun out *usque ad nauseam*, in a style by no means elegant, and, in many instances, hardly grammatical. All this was alien to the specific object of the expedition he was expected to describe, and only served to swell, with extraneous matter, his narrative into a bulk which is discouraging to an ordinary reader.



VIEW OF THE ABBEY FROM THE SOUTH-WEST.

THE ABBEY OF ST. ALBANS.

"They look, they can but look, with many a sigh
 On sacred buildings doom'd in dust to lie:
 On seats, they tell, where priest, 'mid tapers dim,
 Breathed the warm prayer, or tuned the midnight hymn;
 Where humbled penitents their guilt confess'd;
 Where want had succor, and contrition rest;
 Where weary men from trouble found relief;
 Where men in sorrow found repose from grief."

CRABBE.

I KNOW of nothing more interesting and instructive to the Catholic of our days than to look back upon that period of history when all Europe enjoyed the blessings of one faith, and to trace out among its mouldering records the evidences of a great and pious ancestry, whose memorials, like the giant statuary of Egypt, have outlived both the storms of revolution and the wreck of time. Our more intimate relationship with Great Britain gives her past history a double interest; and if we go back to that gorgeous era when Norman chivalry and Saxon piety raised up by a simultaneous effort the most glorious of monarchies, and enriched it with magnificent structures, where the services of the Most High were celebrated with all the pomp of a primeval piety and which were scarcely ever suspended; if we look back upon these days, fraught with a heroism and a fervent piety never to be outshone, we will find in their symbolical meanings a spirit, which must have been actuated by something higher and holier than is reflected in the efforts of our own days, for it has left behind it more lasting monuments of earnest and persevering devotion than has appeared at any subsequent period.

If the lover of the past will take a journey to that part of England, now adjoining the northern precincts of London in the neighborhood of Barnet, and wander for awhile over that primitive ground known as the

Verulam Hills, he will see enough even at this day, to tell him he is among the memorials of a mighty people, that he is looking upon the ruins of what was once a populous and magnificent city. Verulam was once what London now is; and if we turn over the pages of history we will be struck with wonder to find ourselves carried back to the remotest periods, when its population and riches exceeded many of the queen cities of the east, and formed even the theme of distant poets. At that time it enjoyed the highest privileges, from its being the seat of a line of ancient princes, called the *CASSII*. But the Roman conquest elevated it to a still higher position;—embellished it with all the grandeur of an imperial capital, and gave it the distinctive title of a *Municipium*, or free city. From the insurrection of the Britons however, under Boadicea, we may date the commencement of its downfall. Incited by its wealth, and jealous of its extraordinary prosperity, they made it the principal point of attack; and in the heat of victory the implacable queen, with her avalanche of Britons, destroyed nearly all its principal buildings and put to the sword nearly seventy thousand of its inhabitants. Thus fell the imperial city of Verulam. Time, the great leveller of all things, has made sad havoc of its remains, and now all that can be traced of its former grandeur is the remnants of its massive walls, and that heterogeneous mass of tiles, flints and other debris which usually distinguish the remains of Roman architecture. Amidst all this desolation of the past however, the abbey church of St. Albans, although bearing evident marks of the extremest antiquity, still retains much of its ecclesiastical splendor, and in its general style of architecture, truthful and symbolic as it is, impresses you beyond measure with the spirituality and fervor of that monastic period, which raised to its culminating point the greatest and most superb works of human art. The building is constructed in the form of a cross, its whole length along the nave from east to west being six hundred feet, and the extent of the transepts from north to south about two hundred and seventy feet, which equals, if it does not exceed, the dimensions of most of the cathedrals of England, gigantic as many of them are. At the intersection is a square battlemented tower, formerly surmounted with a conically shaped spire, which gave it the appearance of an immense awl. Originally, there were two others on the western façade, which were removed during the reconstructions of the fourteenth century, when the Pointed style began to be so universally adopted. Then it had no less than six apsidal chapels, besides the great apse, containing the high altar and the splendid shrine of St. Alban.

In point of style the present structure embraces a strange medley of Saxon, Norman and Gothic; and in the latter it has run through its various gradations from the earliest Hebraic to the more recent Florid, with all its accumulation of crockets, foils and fan-tracery, till one might suppose the architect had lost himself in the labyrinths of his own genius.

This forms one of the chief characteristics of the building. And the beholder on passing through it will hardly know which to admire the most, the finished Gothic of the clerestorys and doorways, or the massive and highly embellished Ionic which pervades the pillars, cornices and archways.

The nave for instance, one of the finest portions of the edifice, possesses a series of the plainest Norman, and the most exquisite Gothic, the two elements exhibiting in themselves all the landmarks of the Renaissance, and the poetic genius of the eleventh and twelfth centuries. This section of the church was first erected soon after the Norman conquest by Abbot

Paul, who obtained the material from the ruins of the ancient city. The surface he encrusted with plaster and decorated it with a variety of colors, a portion of which, on the left side adjoining the screen, remains to this day, presenting still a very fine effect, and losing none of its charm from its proximity to the more recent Gothic which surrounds it.



THE NAVE.

In 1197 John de Cella, one of the fraternity, commenced rebuilding it on its present exquisite plan; but owing to a series of misfortunes, and the magnificence of his design, he failed to accomplish it, leaving several of the arches on either side to be completed by his successor, William of Trumpington, in a plainer and more economical manner.

The Chapel of our Lady, in the eastern arm of the church, is a *chef d'œuvre* of the early Pointed style, equalling in all its graceful and elaborate detail anything to be found in England. The Abbot Hugh de Eversdon who flourished during the reign of Edward II, employed nearly his whole life in its construction. He was famous as an architect, but one may imagine the extraordinary genius he must have possessed, to design and bring into perfection such a complicated piece of workmanship, whose brilliant detail alone, is a triumph of art nowhere to be excelled.

Dividing the choir and the nave is the screen of St. Cuthbert, another exquisite piece of design, rivalling, says Mr. Scott, and closely resembling that of Winchester; while immediately over the *retablo* or high altar, is the master-piece of the Abbot Whethamsted, called Wallingford's Screen, from its being completed by the latter, although the coat of arms of its original designer has never been removed. Whethamsted was one of the

most able and talented men the abbey ever possessed. His rule commenced about the time of Edward IV, and continued throughout that stormy period when the wars of the Roses were at their height, and Henry VI was defeated and taken prisoner within sight of the very walls of the abbey. Thus while the fires of enmity and bloodshed raged without, the peaceful triumph of art was going on within, the one to be recorded with all the feelings of remorse, and the other to meet the just admiration and gratitude of posterity.

The history of this venerable abbey is replete with extraordinary interest. If you walk through its crumbling aisles, and examine among its quaint details the various inscriptions and histrionic fragments which are now almost obliterated, the mind is filled with astonishment, and you are forced to enquire how is it possible that an edifice, representing as it does the earlier periods of English history, could have been permitted to fall into such decay. There is a stone set in the pavement of the Presbytery which has the following inscription:

"S. ALBANUS VEROLAMENSIS,
ANGLORUM PROTO-MARTYR, XVII JUNIJ, CCXCVII:"

Which points out the burial place of its distinguished founder and martyr, who was executed during the persecutions of the Emperor Dioclesian about the year 303. For a very long period the history and incidents connected with the life of this venerable personage remained a mystery. No exact traditions could be traced respecting his martyrdom or of the origin of the institution, until about the eleventh century, during the time of the Abbot Eadmer, when some laborers employed in excavating the ruins, brought to light the foundations of a part of the ancient city. Here among other curious things, such as Roman coins, antique pillars, cornices, and vases of gold and silver of exquisite workmanship, they tore open an old wall containing a hollow repository, in which was discovered the remains of some antique volumes bound in solid oak and tied with immense silver clasps. In Brady's "Clavis," it is also stated, that some sheets of lead were discovered containing relics, with a carved plate of lead over them, upon which were engraved the following: "*In hoc mausoleo inventum est venerabile corpus Sancti Albani proto martyris Anglorum.*" One of the larger books however, was found afterwards to be in a state of perfect preservation. Its cover of polished oak, the enormous clasps, and even the strings of party-colored silk, were as free from mutilation, as if they had been placed there but the day previous. Within, the inscriptions and titles were emblazoned in letters of gold, but the dialect in which it was written was of such primitive character, that for a long time no one could be found able to read or comprehend it. It was found at last to be that of the ancient Britons, as spoken by them when Verulam was inhabited, and contained among other ecclesiastical records an account of St. Albanus, the heroic martyr, to whose memory the abbey was founded.

Alban, or Albanus, the more primitive name, was a citizen of Roman Verulam during the administration of Constantius, and when the remorseless persecutions of Dioclesian were deluging every part of the Roman Empire with Christian blood. About this time there came to Verulam a proscribed priest named Amphilabus, who had been driven from Wales by the enemies of Christianity, and seeing whom Albanus gave him shelter in his house, and for a long time secreted him from his pursuers; but his retreat at last was discovered, and the governor of the city sent a requisition and

a body of troops to have him arrested. Albanus however, on receiving intelligence of their approach, had his guest privately conveyed to a place of safety, and putting on his habit, gave himself up as the person for whom they were instigating the search. Confident in the person of their prisoner, the soldiers dragged him immediately into the presence of the Governor and the judges, where the heroic Albanus, throwing off his disguise, revealed himself to the astonishment of the multitude, and boldly vindicated in the presence of the Pro-consul, the course he had pursued. But what was the consternation of the judges, when after this act of heroism he concluded by unequivocally pronouncing himself a believer in the doctrines of the Cross, and ready to receive the full judgment consequent upon such an admission. At any other time such acts of intrepidity, would have won him a golden popularity, and possibly a commutation of his sentence; but the reign of Dioclesian, was not one to obliterate the sentence of a Christian however meritorious, and Albanus was forthwith ordered to be scourged like a common felon, in the hope of inducing him to retract. This failing however, he was taken the following day outside of the city, to a place called Holmhurst, where still persisting in his adhesion to the faith of the Christians, he was summarily beheaded. At his death two miracles are confirmed as having taken place. In going to the place of execution, the multitude who followed were so numerous as to be unable to pass over the bridge, and seeing their difficulty Albanus lifted up his hands and prayed that the waters of the river might be divided, which was instantly done, and the crowd passed over in safety. Great excitement prevailed, and so astounding an influence did this act exert upon the minds of the people, that many became converted immediately, and among the number the executioner himself, who when the time came, refused to perform his office, and in consequence was himself beheaded along with Albanus. The other miracle recorded was, that the second executioner who afterwards beheaded both, died before leaving the spot, his eyes having dropt out of his head upon the body of the martyr. On one of the Abbey windows there is an inscription written by a poet during the reign of James I, which in its quaint way reminds you of the latter miracle and the execution of the martyr:—

"This image of our frailty, painted glass,
Shows where the life and death of Alban, was.
A Knight beheads the martyr, but so soon,
His eyes dropt out to see what he had done;
And leaving their own head, seem'd with a tear
To wail the other head laid mangled there:
Because, before, his eyes no tears would shed,
His eyes themselves like tears fall from his head.
Oh, bloody fact, that whilst St. Alban dies
The murderer himself weeps out his eyes."

It was about this time that the Britons, under their queen Boadicea, threw off the yoke of the Romans; and a century later the apostle St. Augustine, entering upon his glorious mission, diffused the doctrines of Christianity over all the country. One of the first acts of the Christians upon the banishment of the Romans was to erect a church upon the spot where Alban was martyred, which continued from that to be held in the highest veneration, daily increasing in its beauty and dimensions, while around it dwindled into decay the pagan capitol, with all its glory, and all its pride and magnificence, until St. Albans at last became its only representative.

It was not however until the eighth century, that the establishment of a

religious house was conceded it, when it remained for Offa, the King of Mercia, to put it into execution. Offa labored at its construction until his death, when Willegod, the first abbot, completed what he had begun. The community continued to increase, and for a long period under several successive abbots, it enjoyed a reputation for munificence and hospitality, not exceeded by any other institution of the kind on the continent; but during the predatory incursions of the Danes, it was despoiled of much of its beauty, and robbed at different times, of its most important treasures. Some instances are recorded though, in which at various times the Abbot has shown more than a morbid spirit, in the defence of his institution and its privileges. We may mention one of them who came to his post during a very unfortunate period, the Norman invasion. This Abbot's name was Frederic, and was immediately connected with the royal blood of the Saxons, who were of course both feared and hated by their subsequent masters, the Normans.

After the battle of Hastings, William and his followers used to make predatory forays and incursions into the neighborhood of London, scouring the country, and pillaging and slaying to such an extent, that the inhabitants at last became so terrified they allowed him to do as he pleased without any offer of resistance. In one of these sallies he had occasion to pass through the neighborhood of St. Albans, but he found the roads so obstructed with stones and trunks of enormous trees, which had been felled and dragged there for the purpose, that he was unable to effect a passage. William, boiling with rage, despatched a messenger for the Abbot, who on being asked to explain the meaning of such hostility, replied fearlessly: "I have done the duty appertaining to my birth and calling; and if others of my rank and profession, had performed the like, as they well could and ought, it had not been in thy power to penetrate into the land so far." Subsequently this same Abbot became the leader of a confederacy, whose aim was directed towards compelling William to reign either in the manner of a Saxon prince with all their usual laws, forms and usages, or to resign his seat at once, to Edgar Atheling, the rightful Saxon heir. William was much displeased at this, though in his policy he acceded to their wishes in every respect, taking a most solemn oath upon the sacred relics of St. Albans, that their rights and privileges should be respected, and that he should be bound by the laws as prescribed by the Abbot Frederic. But afterwards when his footing became more substantial, he showed less disposition to coerce in any measures whatever, and took especial pains to show how little he cared for oaths or oath-breaking in anything that appertained to, or interfered with himself, for he not only broke into the most ancient laws of the people, but showed his displeasure at everything Saxon. He pulled Abbots from their seats, and replaced them with those of his own selection; bishops were treated with as little consideration, and wherever he entertained the slightest grudge, he visited them with seizures and confiscations like any barbaric tyrant and without the least compunction. St. Albans of course was marked with his especial indignation. Frederic was obliged to fly for protection to a monastery at Ely. All the lands owned by the Abbey between Barnet and London-stone were seized and sold by the king, and it was only with the greatest difficulty, that he was prevented from demolishing the entire structure. Paul, the Abbot who succeeded Frederic, proved himself however a very efficient and zealous dignitary. He rebuilt the entire abbey on a more modern and extended scale, and in 1115, his successor, Albanus, had the satisfaction to witness his

labors consecrated in the presence of Henry I, Queen Maud, and a vast assemblage of the greatest dignitaries and prelates of the kingdom, who were entertained for eleven days within the halls of the abbey at its own expense.

In respect to literature and arts, the Abbey of St. Albans was behind none of the great institutions of its time, in the fostering of those highest of human accomplishments; the names of Matthew of Paris, that able historian of the place, Roger de Wendover, and William Rishanger, chroniclers whose fame is not forgotten in the writings of Bede, are but a few of a class of eminent scribes, who at different periods, shed a halo of light on the establishment. The art of printing was introduced at this place, upon the very footsteps of Caxton; and it is somewhat singular to relate that the first book issued in England by that earliest of publishers was dated 1474, and the first emanating from St. Albans bore the date of 1480. In sculpture and painting they may be said to have been equally as successful. The names of John de Cella and Hugh de Eversden, the two great levers who designed and remodeled the most extensive portions of the building, and Whethamsted and Ramridge, who conceived and decorated the famous monumental chapels, are but a few of the great galaxy who figured from the time of the Abbots Paul and Alban. During the thirteenth century, when among other specific improvements, the splendid shrine of St. Cuthbert was raised—that master-piece of ornate architecture—it is a proud fact, that all the designers and painters engaged in the building were of their body, and many of them excelling at once in both sculpture, painting and carving. The great Danish artificer Anketill, who had been employed by Abbot Gorham in the construction of some superb work, became during his labors so attached to the place, that he threw off his apron for the cowl, and became one of the fraternity.

Numerous instances such as this could be related, but while we look upon such evidences of almost miraculous self-devotion, and reflect upon the achievements won by the steady, unswerving energy of a religious body who united in themselves the common centre of good, we feel at a loss to understand why the very generation who aimed but to compete with that signal development of art, which characterized the monastic period, should have proved the most destructive to what has remained. During the reign of Henry VIII fanaticism was carried to such a pitch, that when the monasteries were suppressed, the abbey church was sold to a clothes merchant named Stump for £400, who made it answer two purposes, a warehouse for himself, and a sort of parish church for the inhabitants, who have always retained a reverential feeling for the place.

Of late years however, we are glad to see that a better spirit has been manifested, and that some measures have been taken to obtain government assistance to restore the old pile to something of its former dignity.

No one on looking into those records of monumental antiquity can fail to see the stupendous groundwork of their undertaking; those vaulted roofs and ponderous colonnades made to endure forever; those antique carvings, fraught with symbolical meanings; those pinnacles and towers, where the spirit of a decayed period may be traced in their own mightiness, are subjects whereon the historian may gather records the most truthful, and upon which no one can gaze without being convinced of the beneficial results of that monastic period, which restored to Europe the brightest germs of civilization, and to which England in particular, is indebted for the substance of her constitution, and for the high position which she now enjoys, as one of the first nations in the world.

THE WATERFORD "CRUSADERS"—THE BRAVE IRISH LANDLORD

A stray Chapter from the Note-book of an Irish Parliament Reporter.

BY WM. BERNARD MACCABE.

"His valor is the salt t' his other virtues,
They're all unseasoned without it." BEN JONSON.

PREVIOUS to the great contest for the representation of the County Waterford in the year 1826, it was the custom with the "Catholic" or "Liberal" party to make weekly canvassing visitations amongst the forty shilling freeholders in the various baronies. The persons engaged in those visitations were in derision designated by their adversaries "*Crusaders*;" and the name was adopted by the individuals it was intended to depreciate, as being perfectly applicable to themselves and their pursuits—for they were fighting against the Orange Tory landlords; the old persecutors of a true and a Christian population.

There was a settled, solemn and determined purpose in all these crusading expeditions; but as they were carried on in Ireland, there was, of course, also a great deal of fun and humor—of kindness, good nature, whim and hospitality, mixed up with them.

According to the organization then existing amongst the Catholic party, it was always known two or three days before the visit of "the Crusaders," at what particular place they would present themselves, and preparations were accordingly made to receive them. The wealthy and "*strong*" farmers, or the priest of the parish, were sure to have a plentiful dinner with an abundance of wine, and a profusion of every comfort in readiness for "the Crusaders" as soon as their speech-making had come to a conclusion. As to the poor, honest "*forties*" they did all that was required from them: they applauded the patriotic sentiments; by their numbers they made up a "great public meeting"—and they went away convinced it was their duty to sacrifice all their worldly interests in the great struggle for Catholic emancipation. And that which they had, at those Crusaders' gatherings, promised to do, they afterwards performed.

It has been too much the habit to sneer at, and to deride the Irish peasant. Every wretched driveller who fancies he can write "funny stories," and every miserable playwright who is without the genius to invent, or the humor to describe the genuine oddities that every day life presents to him, fastens, in the extremity of his dullness, upon the Irish peasant—and makes of him "*a comic character*"—putting into his mouth absurdities which the pure Irishman has too much wit to have ever spoken, and placing him in absurd positions, from which the native shrewdness of a true Irishman would preserve him.

The reply to the assailants and deriders of the Irish character is to be found in the events that occurred in the County Waterford in 1826, when "Protestant Ascendancy" received its first fatal blow.

The forty-shilling freeholders of Ireland were to a man Irish peasants—in other words, the most wretched and dependent beings on the face of the earth, and yet they, even they, rose in insurrection against those, upon the breath of whose nostrils their own existence, and those most dear to them, depended: they, who were without any resource, braved the fury of those who could crush them—they too being the only persons that had *nominally* benefitted them—if what had been done by landlords or agents could be regarded as a benefit. It was against those who had the power to serve, and the only persons who had the power to injure them, that the brave-hearted peasantry rebelled, and thereby entailed upon themselves penalties far worse than any inflicted by the British law for the crime of high treason; for this was the doom of the recusant Irish tenant—"poverty—cold—hunger—death!"

Let this fact be then for ever remembered to the eternal honor of the Irish peasantry: that when *they* were called upon in the name of their religion and their country to sacrifice themselves, *they did make the sacrifice*; and they always made it with the full consent and approbation of *their wives, mothers, daughters, sisters*, who were to be the partners of their future misery.

When Orangeism uplifts its voice in the British islands, or disguises itself under the form of "Know Nothingism" in the United States, and pours forth its slanders upon the Irish Catholic peasant, and describes him as being fickle, insincere, sycophantic, treacherous, barbarous and revengeful, let the lover of truth point to the Irish peasant, as a forty-shilling freeholder in Waterford and Louth in 1826, and in Clare in 1828, and these incontestible facts will shew, as they proved in those places, that there is in the heart of the Irish peasant all the courage of a hero, and the pure devotion of a martyr.

At the time, however, that "the Crusades" commenced in the County of Waterford, the virtues of the Irish peasantry were unknown, because they had been untried. Up to that period, although there had been a few severe contests, yet they were not fought by the *freeholders* but by the *landlords*. It was, in fact, a settled rule of electioneering tactics, that "the tenantry" were not to be canvassed, without permission having first been obtained from *their* landlords. Any violation of this rule subjected the offender to the severe penalty of being "*called out*." A candidate therefore calculated no chances of success upon the disposition of the landlords in his favor; because he expected the tenantry would follow their landlord to the hustings, with as much certainty as the soldiers of a regiment obey the commands of their colonel.

The main object of "the Crusades" was to put an end to this state of things. The peasantry were for the *first time* directly appealed to; and for *them alone* were speeches made and patriotic sentiments uttered.

The speeches delivered upon these occasions were sometimes as curious as the auditors to whom they were addressed. Two specimens of the

oratory will show how whim and oddity were combined with a grave and serious religious-national struggle. I remember one gentleman, who is now a barrister in excellent practice in Dublin, having occasion to deliver a speech in a barony bordering on the County Tipperary, which had never been remarkable for its tranquillity, making an oration to the following effect, and which was thus responded to by his auditors:—

"Now, boys of the barony of ———, remember that Ireland is, at this moment, like a fair green on which there is a scrimmage—and there are the two factions ranged on opposite sides. They are the *Liberals*, and the *Brunswickers*: the watchword of the one is 'Emancipation,' and of the other 'Protestant Ascendancy,' (cheers and cries of 'High! for the Lib'rals and the sky over them.') The Brunswickers have heavy purses: the Liberals have honest hearts. The Brunswickers think to cajole you; and they will try to stagger, by flinging their gold at you; but do you place the hard stone of your honest indignation, in the worsted stocking of your resentment, and give the fellows when they come within arms length of you, a braining blow, (cheers and cries of 'we will, sir—we will, sir.') Prime your guns ('we will, sir,') with the powder of vigilance. Sharpen your bayonets ('we will, sir,') with honesty. Fill the barrels of your muskets (cheers and cries of 'we will, sir—we will, sir,') with the bullets of constitutional agitation, and discharge them in the faces of your adversaries. ('Hurrah!' and 'begorra! it's we that will, sir.')

A second of these Crusader orators—a very young man—somewhat of an oddity—and who joined in these excursions more for the amusement they afforded him, than with any higher purpose, observing that the poor people were always captivated with the sound of latin, and were sure to applaud it, determined to win their approbation for himself. He labored under one defect. He had been an idler at school; and all the learning he carried away with him was a recollection of some of the rules in *Alvarez's prosody*. This was all the latin he knew, and it was in the following manner he made use of it:

"I have listened, my dear friends and beloved countrymen, with the most intense delight to the patriotic sentiments, embodied in the philosophy of ancient Greece, and translated into English for your benefit, by that Solomon of Waterford—the wise Mr. Thomas Wyse—and as I listened to him I experienced but one regret, namely, that his ancestors had not prefixed to their name the genuine Hibernian prefix of O—so that he, through them should be known as an O-Wyse. Oh! that O is a fatal omission—for we are all Irish, because we can boast of the O, and the MAC; but more especially of the O, as it is remarked by the great and immortal poet, when descanting on the glories of Erin:

"O crescens numero producimur usque priore
O parvum in Græcis breviter: producto magnum."

(Vehement cheering.) "Yes, my friends, and beloved countrymen—upon all occasions we should remember we are Irishmen—upon all occasions we

should bear in mind we have an infuriated phalanx to contend against; and that it is our duty—be they Brunswickers, or Hanoverians, bigots, or Cumberlanders, Orangemen, purplemen, or marksmen—to defy them; that come they in numbers, in legions, or in regiments, we will encounter and defeat them. What care we for them. We shall meet them as heroes—we scorn them, we denounce them, we defy them, or as the poet says in language too forcible and too vehement to be rendered into English:

"IX ad YX produc: brevatio *Histrix*, cum *fornice*, *varix*
Coxendix, Chœnixque, Cilix, Natrixque; Calixque
Phryxque, Larix et Onix, Pix, Nixque, Salixque, Filixque."

(Long continued cheering, and cries of "more power to you!")

Such speeches as these, it must be admitted were curiosities in their way, but still not less so, than some of the individuals to be met with on such occasions. I have had an opportunity of seeing much of Ireland, but I must say, in justice to "the Crusaders," that never did I fall in with more extraordinary characters than I encountered upon these and similar expeditions. One specimen as to character, will, for the present, be sufficient.

At a small town between the city of Waterford and the borough of Dungarvan, I perceived at dinner in the parish priest's, a gentleman who had in the course of the day distinguished himself by proposing one of the most violent resolutions that could be submitted for the adoption of a public meeting. The language of the resolution contrasted strongly, and, indeed, strangely with the manner of the proposer. He spoke in whispers; and at every second word uttered by him he started, as if fearful of hearing the echo of his own voice. He had however nerve sufficient to get through his task; but when a loud and simultaneous shout of applause burst from the meeting, he actually ran away, apparently as much frightened as if a captain's guard had discharged their fire arms at him. He did not again make his appearance until dinner was announced; and, at dinner, it was my misfortune to sit next to him. Instead of his joining in the fun and amusement, and responding to the smiles thus circled around him, every loud laugh and every merry joke seemed to be a new cause of terror. As the servants entered or retired from the room, he watched them with the most untiring vigilance. In one particular, however, he could not be distinguished from other members of the company, for he drank as deeply as the rest, I might truly say, still more deeply; and the more he drank, the more familiar did he become with me. At length, when the third or fourth, or fifth tumbler of punch (I cannot exactly recollect which) had been dispatched by him, he thus—with some interruptions—gave me the history of himself:—

"Sir, if I might presume—I beg pardon, sir, I had not the honor of an introduction to you to-day; but you know my name—you heard it to-day—I am Captain John Taylor, of his Majesty's Militia—a gentleman, let me say, sir, and an officer, and let me add, an estated gentleman—and a

liberal Protestant—yes, sir, I can truly say, a liberal, a real liberal Protestant. Ah! sir, you seem to enjoy this scene—but it is all delusion—a dream—a phantasy, sir—I know well what is passing around me—you don't, sir, you are ignorant—you're a stranger, sir. Oh! I know them, oh perfectly well—we are at this moment grinning over a mine—one little spark, and we are all blown into a thousand atoms. Yes, yes, I know them well—look at their smiles, a snare to catch me—listen to their songs—the songs of sirens, sir, to lure me into unsuspecting security—their laughter, the reports of pistols, the contents of which are to be lodged in my harmless, innocent, unoffending person—I know them well, except yourself, sir, there is not a man here—there is not an individual with whom I come in contact, not a being who looks upon me that is not thirsting for my blood—yes, sir, and they would take it at this moment, if they dare—but my courage, my spirit, my *animus*, sir, sustain me. I came here to shew them that I am not afraid of them—the cowards! and they know too, brave as I am, I am prepared for them, that I carry a life-protector as a walking stick: that I have a dirk in my sleeve; and a brace of loaded pistols in each of my pockets: that in fact, I am a moving park of artillery—a resistless *cheveaux-de-frise* of Protestant courage. Yes, they know it right well, or I should, instead of talking to you, be many months since laid low in Ballyfodeen church-yard, the burying place of my ancestors, sir, a place won by their valor from the ignorant, timid and besotted-bigoted natives of this island. . . .”

To be continued.

WORDS AND THOUGHTS.—No. 1.

THE DEATH OF A SISTER OF CHARITY.

“SISTER MARY JOSEPH, one of the most devoted Sisters of Charity, had departed this life and her remains were being borne to their last resting place at the Cathedral Cemetery. . . . One hundred and twenty-five homeless and helpless orphans [homeless but for this asylum] follow their lost mother to her nameless grave.”

What a life-history! Miss Nightingale, listening to the generous impulses which are so natural to the female heart, makes them practical, and devotes herself to the care of the sick and wounded in the Crimea—her name is famous, world-known; banquets and triumphal receptions meet her return to England, the hand of a noble Earl awaits her acceptance, and a coronet will blaze with jewels on her brow. It is well!

The Sister of Charity, or of Mercy, enters the same campaign, serves at the bed-side of the sick, the wounded, or the cholera-stricken—she dies a martyr and is buried amid the scene of her glorious labors, or she returns to continue to the end the same life-struggle of charity and love for God and man. It is only Sister Paula, or Sister Mary, or Sister Dolores, actor of many unread, unpublished toils, and sweetly sorrowful labors, who wins a name as yet unknown—who receives a triumphant recep-

tion, a wedded spouse, a brilliant crown—a name, unknown in truth on earth, yet recorded in heaven; banquets and receptions greater, more joyful and more brilliant than all earthly aristocratic banquets and receptions; a spouse for whom through life she has lived, loved, and labored; a crown dazzlingly set with all the now glorified works of her days and nights of charity. It is better!

How simply grand and beautiful that life-record! "Sister Mary Joseph, one of the most devoted Sisters of Charity," and those "one hundred and twenty-five weeping orphans." It is enough! Who is it that asks what other name she bore, perhaps long years ago, amid the world, loved of a household, cherished of a dear hearth-circle, with bright worldly prospects perchance, cheerfully exchanged for brighter heavenly ones; who is it that asks, unless it be to turn with eyes of holy envy upon those, if any such can be, who have a nearer right by blood and by that other name now long hidden under the self-denying veil of the religious, to claim the assistance of her prayers and make the beauty and the purity of her interior life more nearly the model and exemplar of their own!

"Sister Mary Joseph." Long since, when first she vowed herself to the patient service of the poor and the afflicted, she gave up all other name and kindred for that.—Mary, "comforter of the afflicted," "health of the weak," "refuge of sinners," and Joseph, "example of silence and resignation," "protector of the dying," "pattern of the industrious and virtuous." These were thenceforth her names; the poor, the weak, the orphan, the sinner, the afflicted and the dying, thenceforth, were her kindred.

And she was ever, thenceforth, nameless except with those names of love. By the sick bed in the long hours of the lagging night, "Mary," "comforter of the afflicted," she stood and watched! Among the poor, struggling virtuously with their poverty, "Joseph," "pattern of the industrious and the virtuous," she cheered them on with hope and help. In the pest-house, and by the bed side of death, she united all these, and recalled to the parting spirit the blessed names of Mary and Joseph, "the refuge of sinners" and "the protector of the dying," upraised the sinking heart and filled it with holy hope that through their intercession and the merits of the Redeemer, it would wing its way from this vale of exile to join the choirs of the blessed. What need, therefore, to ask for other name than that.

Oh, beautiful humility, wonderful charity of the Church, which teaches her children this sublimity of self-abnegation, of self-sacrifice! The children of the world labor for the world; the world applauds. They have received their reward. She teaches her children to labor for God, and to seek from him alone their reward. It is not enough, in her eye, that good works be done,—literally, she will not have "the left hand know what the right hand doth." She will not have one particle of self-gratulation, of self-glory, mingle in the good deeds which she loves her children to perform; no, not even a reward of fame left behind to the name, the family and the friends of her unspotted virgins, but all shall be offered to God alone, for the love of God alone.

Thus, the holy spirit parts from its earthly tenement, then first to be known, and to meet its reward: its life record is written, here on earth,—simple, full of humility, yet, to the true Christian eye, greater, more glorious, than the eulogiums on the tombs of a thousand heroes—

"SISTER MARY JOSEPH, ONE OF THE MOST DEVOTED SISTERS OF CHARITY."

MISCELLANEA.

SIMUL ET JUCUNDA ET IDONEA DICERE VITÆ.

PRAYER.—Perhaps never while we are on earth shall we realize the heavenly might of prayer, nor the exceeding riches of that treasure, which now, alas! we make so light of, seeing not how thereby God's glory is so much within our power. Oh, what might we not do by prayer! What might we not do in every remotest corner of the earth, in the cells of purgatory, and in the open courts of heaven! Yet the times are against prayer: the spirit of the age is against it; the habits of our countrymen are against it. Oh, for faith in prayer! for only faith in prayer! for faith in simple prayer! and the interests of Jesus shall spread like a beneficent conquest all over the world, and the glory of God shall beautifully cover the earth as the abounding waters cover the bed of the sea, and the choirs of redeemed souls shall multiply and multiply, till the Good Shepherd should be, were it any other than he, overladen with the sheaves of his prolific passion. Heaven opens sometimes, and gives us a glimpse of this potency of prayer. See how it opened on St. Gertrude. She was divinely instructed that as often as the angelic salutation is devoutly recited by the faithful on earth, three efficacious streamlets proceed from the Father, Son, and the Holy Ghost, most sweetly penetrating the Blessed Virgin's heart. Then from her heart again with efficacious impetuosity, they seek their fountains, and break at the foot of God's throne, as a sunny wave breaks upon a rock, leaving her most powerful after the Father, most wise after the Son, and most benignant after the Holy Spirit. The streams, while the Ave Maria is being said, flow around the Blessed Virgin superabundantly, and with potent impetus, and, on the other hand, flow back upon her most holy heart. So with marvellous delectation (I am using St. Gertrude's words) they seek their fountain first, and then redounding back, bright drops of joy, and bliss, and eternal salvation, are sprinkled over all the persons of the saints and angels, nay, more, over those who on earth are then commemorating that same salutation, whereby is renewed in every one all the good which he has ever up to this time received through the most salutary incarnation. Yet, what more easy than to say a devout Hail Mary? And if this be true of the Ave, what also of the Pater, and the Credo, and the Missal prayers, and ejaculations from the Gospel?

Dr. Faber.

THE DAILY LIFE OF MILTON.—In his mode of living, Milton, as might be anticipated, was moderate and temperate. At his meals he never took much of wine or any other fermented liquor, and he was not fastidious in his food; yet his taste seems to have been delicate and refined, like his other senses, and he had a preference for such viands as were of an agreeable flavor. In his early years he used to sit up late at his studies, and, perhaps he continued this practice while his sight was good; but, in his latter years, he retired every night at nine o'clock, and lay till four in summer, till five in winter; and, if not disposed then to rise, he had some one to sit at his bedside and read to him. When he rose, he had a chapter of the Hebrew Bible read for him; and then, with, of course, the intervention of breakfast, studied till twelve. He then dined, took some exercise for an hour—generally in a chair, in which he used to swing himself—and afterwards played on the organ, or the bass-viol, and either sang himself or made his wife sing, who, as he said, had a good voice, but no ear. He then resumed his studies till six, from which hour till eight he conversed with those who came to visit him. He finally took a light supper, smoked a pipe of tobacco, and drank a glass of water; after which he retired to rest.

Keightley's Milton.

HINTS FOR VOCALISTS.—Sit in a simple, unconstrained posture. Never turn up your eyes, or swing about the body; the expression you mean to give, if not heard and felt, will never be understood by those foolish motions, which are rarely resorted to but by those who do not really feel what they play. Brilliancy is a natural gift, but great execution may be acquired. Let it be always distinct, and however loud you may wish it to be, never thump. Practice in private music far more difficult than that you play in general society, and aim more at pleasing than astonishing. Never bore people with ugly music merely because it is the work of some famous composer; and do not let the pieces you perform before people not professedly scientific be too long. As regards singing, practice two or three times a day, but at first not longer than ten minutes at a time, and let one of these times be before breakfast. Exercise the extremities of the voice; but do not dwell long upon those notes you touch with difficulty. Never dwell too long upon consonants. When you intend to sing, read the words, and see that you understand them, so as to give them the proper expression. Let all your words be heard; it is a great and common fault in English singers to be indistinct. Children should never be allowed to sing much, or to strain their voices; fifteen and sixteen is soon enough to begin to practice constantly and steadily the two extremities of the voice. The voice is said to be at its height at eight-and-twenty, and to begin to decline soon after forty. Never force the voice in damp weather, or when in the least degree unwell; many often sing out of tune at these times who do so at no other. Take nothing to clear the voice but a glass of cold water; and always avoid pastry, coffee, and cake, when you intend to sing.

The Vocalist.

BEAUTIFY YOUR HOME.—Every man should do his best to own a home. The first money he can spare ought to be invested in a dwelling, where his family can live permanently. Viewed as a matter of economy, this is important, not only because he can ordinarily build more cheaply than he can rent, but because of the expense incurred by frequent change of residence. A man who early in life builds a home for himself and family, will save some thousands of dollars in the course of twenty years, besides avoiding the inconvenience and trouble of removals. Apart from this, there is something agreeable to our better nature in having a home that we can call our own. It is a form of property that is more than property. It speaks to the heart, enlists the sentiments, and ennobles the possessor. The associations that spring up around it, as the birth place of children—as the scene of life's holiest emotions—as the sanctuary where the spirit cherishes its purest thoughts, are such as all value; and whenever their influence is exerted, the moral sensibilities are improved and exalted. The greater part of our happiness in this world is founded at home; but how few recollect that the happiness of to-day is increased by the place where we were happy on yesterday, and that, insensibly, scenes and circumstances gather up a store of blessedness for the weary hours of the future! On this account we should do all in our power to make home attractive. Not only should we cultivate such tempers as serve to render its intercourse amiable and affectionate, but we should strive to adorn it with those charms which good sense and refinement so easily impart to it. We say easily, for there are persons who think that a home cannot be beautified without a considerable outlay of money. Such people are in error. It costs little to have a neat flower-garden, and to surround your dwelling with those simple beauties which delight the eye far more than expensive objects. If you will let the sun shine and the dew adorn your yard, they will do more for you than any artist.

THE truly great and good, in affliction, bear a countenance more princely than they are wont; for it is the temper of the highest heart, like the palm tree, to strive most upwards when it is most burdened.

THE ART OF MAKING CLOCKS.—Striking clocks were known in Italy probably as early as the end of the thirteenth century—one strong proof that we must date the revival of arts much earlier than that period. Their existence becomes certain about the middle of the fourteenth; probably at that period they were general. These clocks were all moved by the action of weights; and though furnished with balance regulators, were still very inaccurate. Next followed the introduction of a spring as the moving power, marking a new era in the art. Then came the age of mechanical discovery, producing Galileo's observation of the vibration of the pendulum in nearly equal times, whether the spaces travelled through were large or small. So valuable a discovery could not long remain dormant; and we find, accordingly, that it was applied by the discoverer, or, in better form, by Huygens, to the regulation of time-pieces by the means of the pendulum. The advance of chemical science soon showed a source of error in the unequal size of the pendulum, caused by alternate expansion and contraction of the metal, due to change of temperature. This was remedied by the use of the jar filled with mercury as a pendulum; and subsequently by the employment of a pendulum formed of different metals, so arranged that their different expansions should mutually balance each other. The mutual connection between the art of making clocks and the science of astronomy, in which each has alternately borrowed and lent so much, is an excellent illustration of the many points in which the useful arts are brought into contact with higher provinces. The remaining improvements would fill volumes, and we cannot pretend to enter more fully into them.

THE IDEAL WOMAN.—The true woman, for whose ambition a husband's love and her children's adoration are sufficient, who applies her military instincts to the discipline of her household, and whose legislatives exercise themselves in making laws for her nurse; and whose intellect has field enough for her in communion with her husband, and whose heart asks no other honor than his love and admiration; a woman who does not think it a weakness to attend to her toilet, and who does not disdain to be beautiful; who believes in the virtue of glossy hair and well-fitting gowns, and who eschews rents and ravelled edges, slip-shod shoes, and audacious make-ups; a woman who speaks low and does not speak much; who is patient and gentle, and intellectual and industrious; who loves more than she reasons, and yet does not love blindly; who never scolds and never argues, but adjusts with a smile;—such a wife is the one we have all dreamed of once in our lives, and is the mother we still worship in the backward distance of the past. *Charles Dickens.*

PLANTS IN THE COLOSSEUM OF ROME.—Dr. Deakin, in a botanical book on this subject, says that 420 species of plants are found growing upon the Colosseum, including 253 genera, and illustrations of 66 of the natural order of plants. There are 59 species of grasses, 47 of the syngenesious plants and 41 of the pea tribe. This is in an enclosed space of six acres of ground, a limit that does not include the walls and ruins. This space includes a great variety of soil and temperature. The lower or north side is damp, while the upper walls and accumulated mould are warm and dry; and the south side is still hotter and more Italian.

A BEAUTIFUL SIGNIFICATION.—"Alabama" signifies in the Indian language, "Here we rest." A story is told of a tribe of Indians who fled from a relentless foe in the trackless forest in the south-west. Weary and travel worn, they reached a noble river which flowed through a beautiful country. The chief of the band stuck his tent pole in the ground and exclaimed: "Alabama! Alabama!" ("Here we shall rest! Here we shall rest!")

ADVERSITY is the trial of principle; without it, a man hardly knows whether he is honest or not.

A CHAPTER FOR THE YOUNG.

THE TEACHINGS OF FLOWERS.—Cecilia, a charming young girl of twelve years, took a promenade in the garden one beautiful morning in Spring. Her mother viewed with complacency the lovely creature as she sometimes bent her elegant form over the fragrant flowers, and again raised to heaven her eyes, as beautifully blue as the azure of the firmament. And the mother thought within herself: Of all the flowers that bloom in the parterre, my Cecilia is assuredly the fairest and purest, and none of them can compare with her in sweetness and beauty. Cecilia having perceived her mother, ran to her, and embracing her affectionately, said: "Dear Mamma, do you see those pretty flowers which the good God bade to bloom for us during the night? How beautiful the coloring, how delicious the perfume! But my cousin Amanda has assured me that flowers have a language, and that she has a little book which teaches it to her; would that I also knew their language!" Her mother then took Cecilia by the hand, led her to the centre of the parterre, and pointing to a beautiful lily that rose in graceful majesty, said: "That white flower is the emblem of innocence, which should be the principal ornament of a young girl. That crimson rose, whose opening chalice exhales so sweet an odor, is the image of beauty, which becomes perfectly radiant only when breathed on by the fragrance of virtue. This flower which blooms among thorns, represents the pleasures of life which are ever drugged with bitterness. The pretty violet which hides beneath the grass, is the emblem of modesty, and the daisy of the fields that of simplicity. The immortal teaches us to prefer the imperishable goods of the next world to the passing advantages of this, which, like the rose, fade in an instant. The sensitive plant, which contracts at the slightest touch, is the image of timid modesty; and the sun-flower, which perpetually turns toward the ruling planet of the world, admonishes us that we should incessantly raise our hearts to the great Creator of the universe. It is thus, my dear child, that a christian virgin may learn the language of flowers."

THE CHILD AND THE JEW.—In 527 there was at Bourges a school much frequented both by rich and poor. It happened that the son of a Jewish artisan about twelve years of age, also went with other children to the school. He was a favorite among his companions, despite of his religion, and in hours of relaxation would join with them in their various games of amusement. He often saw them enter the church and kneel before a statue of the Blessed Virgin: there they would offer her flowers, and with that innocent and cheerful devotion, which characterizes the Catholic child, they would run to our Blessed Lady as to a mother and beg her blessing on their work or play, and render their simple acts of thanksgiving for a well-learned lesson, or a successful game.

The little Jew did the same, and with as much fervor as his companions. At the Feast of Easter the Christian children approached the Holy Communion. At the sight of the joy and happiness that seemed visible upon the innocent countenance of each, the young Israelite felt in his heart a holy jealousy, and with tears in his eyes asked himself why he should not join them? Surely the son of that beautiful Lady, whom he loved so much, that sweet Lady to whom he had so often offered flowers, would not shut him out from this happy group. And while musing thus with himself, he joined his school-mates as they approached the holy table. The priest did not know him, and gave him the Holy Communion with the rest. None perhaps gave more fervent thanks than the little Jew, and the mass being ended, and after having visited the favorite statue of the Holy Virgin, he returned home.

As he entered the house, his father enquired where he had been; the innocent youth frankly stated that he had been to the Christian church, and that with others he had partaken of the bread of Angels. The father, who combined an utter carelessness in the practice of his own religion, with a bitter hatred of any other, could not bear the idea of his son's having been in a Christian temple, and at the thought of his having participated in the Christian rites, he was fired with ungovernable rage; and seizing the helpless boy, cast him into a flaming furnace, which he was then tending.

At this moment the boy's mother entered, and enquired for her son, and receiving no answer from her husband, went calling him through every part of the house. At length beginning to feel a vague terror, she redoubled her cries. At last she fancied that she heard his voice; she called again, and again the voice replied. The neighbors who had been attracted by her cries, stood aghast with terror,—the voice came from the furnace. They hastened to extinguish the raging fire; and in a few moments, to the astonishment of all, the boy came forth uninjured from the furnace. Not a thread of his dress, nor a hair of his head was singed, and his cheeks were as cool as if he had come from a bath. As soon as the first burst of horror and joy were over, the boy gave the following simple history of his preservation:

"It was the kind Lady of the Church, who received me into her arms, and protected me from the flames in the folds of her white mantle."

The fate of the father is unknown, but the mother and her child became Christians. May the history of the little Jew, inspire children with love and confidence in our holy and Immaculate Mother; and may the mantle of her protection shield them from danger, and protect them from harm.

THE ANGELUS BELL.—*A Song for Three Children.*

First Child—Morning.—Hail, Mary! now the sun is up:
All things around look glad and bright,
And heather-bell and butter cup,
Shake off the dewdrops of the night.
The lambs are frisking in the fields,
The lark is singing in the sky;
And man his waking tribute yields
To thee and thy sweet Son on high.

Second Child—Noon.—Hail, Mary! midway in the sky
The noontide sun its lustre sheds;
The field-flowers almost seem to die,
So low they hang their drooping heads.
The lambs have sought the woodland shade,
The lark has ceas'd her note of glee;
And pausing in the furrow'd glade,
The ploughman lifts his hat to thee.

Third Child—Evening.—Hail, Mary! now the sun is far
Adown his western path of light,
The flowers, beneath the evening star,
Drink up the dew-drops of the night.
The lambs are by their mothers laid,
The lark is brooding o'er her nest,
And when the evening prayer is made,
Then weary man shall sink to rest.

REVIEW OF CURRENT LITERATURE.

1. PRINCIPLES OF GOVERNMENT: OR, MEDITATIONS IN EXILE. By William Smith O'Brien. With Notes to the American Edition. Boston: Donahoe. Baltimore: Murphy & Co.

It has been with some surprise, but with no unkind feeling, that we have read the generally indulgent notices of Mr. O'Brien's treatise. For his good qualities, his sufferings, his abilities, we have as much cordial regard as most of our countrymen. But in discussing a question of so high a character as the "Principles of Government," in which many other topics bearing on man's present and future welfare are deeply involved, we regret to find him wanting in the very quality which, of all others, is the essential one. A man, who on the subject of Christianity is either ignorant or an unbeliever, though otherwise competent, is unfit to handle so practical and at the same time so sublime a theme. If there be any science which eminently demands in the student or investigator, Christian knowledge, Christian wisdom, and may we not add—a Christian spirit, it is the science of Government. This no one who reflects, will deny. In a heathen philosopher, or in a sophist even of the last century we bear with much, which in a writer of this, nineteenth century, we do not endure. As in the physical sciences, the progress from that age to this, has been immense; so it cannot be denied that in philosophy, history, general literature, there has been also vast improvement—witness, to cite no other evidences, the historical works written by Protestants in vindication of Catholic times, men and institutions. The author of the "Principles of Government" is not one of those who have advanced with the movement. If the conduct of men in this world, *does not depend* upon their religious convictions,—if their happiness in another, throughout all eternity, *does not depend* upon the opinions which they have entertained, and the actions which they have performed while on earth—then in the name of common sense and common honesty we ask—what kind of government of any form can we have? In this hypothesis, why talk of "Principles" at all? In plain language, chap. xxv of the work before us, affects to throw doubt on the existence or worth of such things as *Morality* and *Religion*. It may not have been the writer's design, we cordially wish to believe, but it is a sample of his philosophy and philanthropy. Making every allowance for him—or rather for the style of the school to which he belongs—how different was the language of a Washington, an O'Connell, as the world knows from their writings, speeches, addresses, to their immortal honor: and both of them ranking with the purest patriots, the noblest minds that have ever won the confidence of their fellow men. In thus putting in our "*Caveat emptor*," let it be understood we do not deny the merits of the treatise. It will not supersede "*De Tocqueville*," the first volume of whose immortal work, published apart, with the title "*American Institutions and their Influence*," ought to be more familiar with us than it is. But as with our contemporaries so with us, the name of Smith O'Brien has its charm. We will not allow ourselves to speak of him even as he has spoken of Catholic nations "which have yielded us our religion, our arts, our literature, and our laws." In these days of broad-ax criticism and sledge-hammer argumentation, we desire to cultivate more than ever the spirit "that dealeth not perversely and hopeth all things." The men who have risked all, home, friends, fortune, life, in a just cause, are not to be derided. Failure in such a cause is at least a homage paid to Truth, Justice, Freedom. And it is no rashness to assert, that failure may be predicated, at one time or another, of even the best and most successful struggles mankind have hailed with their applause. If there be one sentiment which we

cherish towards such men it is, that they may retrieve their credit, whether their errors be of the head or heart, and learn before it be too late, the full worth of Tertullian's saying—*Nemo Sapiens nisi Fidelis*—the faithful Christian is the only true philosopher: and we may add, the only true patriot. We feel urged to say much more, but we desist. Mr. O'Brien's learning and sincerity we admit again. But who is ignorant that from the sanctuary to the scaffold, something more is wanting! Learning is not wisdom. Sincerity is not ability. We all acknowledge it. A man's truthfulness and general information may be above suspicion, and still in the cabinet or study, in the council chamber or the battle-field, he may prove to the satisfaction of his staunchest friends that he might still be deemed, in the language of Tacitus—*capax imperii nisi imperasset*—capable of being a leader, if he had not tried it. The closing remarks of chap. xxix appear to us, to be, in general, the reverse of fact. As matters stand in this country they are pernicious; and more anti-Catholic than we would expect to hear from one whose home, and whose sympathies both as a man and a patriot are in, and with Ireland. Even with the valuable notes on chap. xxv, many do and will regret that such pages came from the press of one to whose generous zeal—in this instance, carried too far—the ever sacred cause of Truth, Education, and Religion are already, and we wish, may continue to be deeply indebted.

2. ART AND SCENERY IN EUROPE, with other Papers. By H. B. Wallace. Philadelphia: Parry & McMillan. Baltimore: Murphy & Co.

Few will peruse this volume, without experiencing, as they proceed, feelings of cordial regard for the young but highly-gifted author. Admiration for his talents and esteem for his many good qualities, will blend with their regret that one so endowed with some of heaven's best gifts should, at the early age of thirty-five, have sunk into the grave. We can hardly reject the hope that he whose soul filled with such emotions when within that "First Temple" of our faith—St. Peter's at Rome—whose heart kindled with such rapture before the Madonna in the Santa Maria Novella; to say nothing of the loving veneration with which his *critiques* on other glorious pictures of Our Lady, are imbued—could not have died in Paris, without making a nearer approach to that one ark of grace and truth, in which alone such noble spirits realise what God has done, and is still daily doing for those that love him. There is, in our judgment, something more than the mere enthusiasm of a lofty imagination or a finely cultivated mind, in such passages, as the following:

"The Madonna in the Santa Maria Novella, is, to my feelings, a work of exalted and ever-enduring merit, worthy to be carried, at this day, *in triumph through the streets*. It is a great work, in comparison with any age; and has more inspiration than could be gleaned from all the pictures that have been painted in Europe in the last two centuries. . . . The Virgin's face is full of beauty and expression. . . . A spiritual power pervades the work, which stamps it as the production of a truly great artist."—p. 31.

On p. 265 we have these felicitous observations on several noble pictures in the collection at the University at Perugia:

"The face of the Virgin is not exceeded, if it be equalled, in beauty, expression, and loveliness by anything in Raphael. . . . It is interesting to trace the progressive development in the several heads of the Virgin. The first, which is the *Annunciation*, is of faultless beauty, but calm, and not much disturbed from the natural condition of the features. The *Adoration* is a face upon which the gushing tides of natural affection have overflowed, till they have dissolved its natural beauty into a celestial radiance of loveliness too exalted for an earthly destiny. Then in the mother of the growing youth, is seen the fullest, deepest, tenderest, maternal solicitude."

Speaking of Raphael, he says, p. 269:—"It is as the painter of the Madonna, that Raphael is known, to the admiration and affections of the whole world."

Of great painters in general, and of the present condition of this noble art, he has, in the first paper of this not only entertaining but instructive volume, these just remarks:—p. 20.

"Protestantism has never produced a great artist. The last of the heroic race of painters were Rubens and Vandyke; and both were Catholics. The loftiest school of our own day, that of Munich, is composed either of Catholics, or persons who being Protestant at the outset, became Catholics in the process of becoming artists."

As for "the purer doctrine, sounder morality, better society which the Reformation gave us," Mr. Wallace substantially refutes his own statement on the very page (19) and paragraph in which he advances it; no uncommon thing, with Protestants, when they attempt a comparison between the relative good and evil of our own age and more Catholic times. Whenever earth is put before heaven, and gold before God, there we must demur to the plea, no matter by whom made; and whatever be the appearances in its favor. The repeated cry for the re-establishment of the Catholic Confessional, again heard in our own day from the heart of Germany, is but one of those expressive though humiliating acknowledgments, made by Protestantism in favor of the purer morality of Catholic lands. Ireland, the most oppressed, slandered, and humbled of modern nations, and in the judgment of our adversaries, with the most Catholic population, has within the last decade of years, if not still more recently, been weighed in the balance with Sweden, to say nothing of Norway, Denmark and Prussia, of all Protestant nations the most favored in the means of material and social prosperity, and by Protestant lips judgment has been given in favor of Catholic Ireland.

The fragment on "*the Roman Forum*," pp. 183-190, is replete with noble thoughts admirably expressed. What truthful beauty in the following! "He whose spirit Rome has once touched with her sceptre, is struck insensible to vulgar and earthly interests. Rome seems to be the magnetic pole of our moral sensibilities. In other places they tremble toward it; in it, they become riveted to the soil," p. 183—and towards the close of the fragment, p. 189: "The development of morality was not the office of Judea. That august mission was assigned to Rome, and by her nobly performed. . . . When Christianity had become systematized and illustrated under the regime of apostles and martyrs, and the Church was fully matured and strengthened, and required only to be diffused, it coalesced with the Roman constitution in the person of Constantine, and thus was spread abroad over the world. It went hand in hand with Rome's civil constitution."

In another part of the same paper—viewing the Eternal city—her classic past, her mysterious present, in one entirety, he styles Rome "the shrine of the morality of the world—the temple whence oracles of justice went forth that still are the inspiration and the guides of life: lawgiver of the nations; parent of institutions that give civility and development to society; inventress of the arts that establish right through reason: source of that social wisdom which is civil power: the all-imperial city, throned in the ever-during reverence of the mind: girt with a divinity invisible perhaps to the frivolum, but irresistible to the thoughtful mind." p. 184.

How different is such language from that of men who—but, peace to their manes! they are dead; and so is our enmity. We have said enough to enable our readers to form some opinion of the tone and contents of the papers on "*Art and Scenery in Europe*" left us by the lamented and accomplished Mr. Wallace. Even, in several places, where his language is *malé souans*, "as though his words were against us, his heart appears to be with us. Few, besides Catholics—we mean your real, high-minded Catholics, who for the cause and honor of the Church cherish all those ennobling sentiments which sons should forever cherish towards a loved and venerable mother—few besides these can appreciate what emotions such passages as we have quoted, awaken and bring forth in response from our heart the hope, the earnest wish that he who thus thought and wrote, may not have passed away without hearing in his last moments—"May the Son of the living God place thee in the ever-verdant lawns of his Paradise: and may He, the true Shepherd, acknowledge thee as one of His flock."

2. UNIFORM SERIES OF THE TALES AND ROMANCES OF HENDRIK CONSCIENCE, in five volumes. Baltimore: Murphy & Co. Philadelphia: Lippincott & Co.

- I. The Curse of the Village; the Happiness of Being Rich; and Blind Rosa.
- II. The Lion of Flanders; or, the Battle of the Golden Spurs.
- III. Count Hugo of Craenhove; Wooden Clara; and the Village Inn-Keeper.
- IV. Veva; or, the War of the Peasants; and the Conscript.
- V. The Miser; Ricketicketack; and the Poor Gentleman.

We have had frequent occasion to speak of the merits of the Tales of Hendrik Conscience; of the natural and simple beauty of the style, the life-like delineation of character, the flow of humor, the deep vein of pathos, and above all, the practical moral lessons, that underlay the surface and shine forth conspicuously in every page. But in our uncouth and rugged nature, we view them only in their application to the "sterner sex," overlooking their merits, as reflecting those traits and virtues that adorn the fairer portion of our race. Our attention has been drawn to this omission by the following letter addressed to the publishers, from a lady of distinguished talents and refined taste:

GENTLEMEN:—I beg leave to express to you the very great delight I have experienced in reading the Flemish Tales of Hendrik Conscience. I am glad to witness their publication, not only because the stories are in themselves worthy of translation for the entertainment they afford, but because they display a fine analysis of many traits which are either not usually attributed to *my sex*, or are regarded as but feebly developed in our lives. I am quite sure that CONSCIENCE has not written these tales in a spirit of mere gallant devotion to woman, but because he has found, in all ranks, that *energetic perseverance* in a good cause is almost always seen in union with that quick *directness of character* which makes the world regard us too often as impulsive.

In sketching the development of woman's nature, how beautifully are the virtues of high and low life exhibited in the portrait of LENORA, in the "Poor Gentleman;" of KATE in the "Conscript," and of LISA in the "Village Innkeeper."

LISA, combats against a weak, vain father, who sought her social elevation at the risk of her reputation, and whose ambitious views for his child, allowed him to overlook her purity and excellences, until he is roused from his selfish dream by the catastrophe his obstinate folly has produced.

KATE, in the "Conscript," although poor, and uneducated, has all the nobility of soul that ever shone in the highest ranks of society. Through the varying scenes of her lover's fortune,—while he is enlisted in the army, and goes abroad in service,—that noble girl supports and comforts his widowed mother, and unselfishly works for her as well as for her own family. When, at last, the news reaches her, of his destitution and *blindness*, with what energy does that heroic creature set out alone, on foot, through an unknown country, without friend or protector, to seek and bring him home, that he may have the sympathy and assistance of loving hearts to obliterate the darkness that is forever around him! She passes unscathed through all the hazards of her journey. Uplifted by *innate purity*, and straight forward, indomitable resolution, none dare insult the upright, honorable, *brave* girl, whose only object was to save her lover's life! Respect, admiration, and kindness followed her maiden footsteps, subdued the opposition of the evil disposed, and restored her, and her charge, after infinite toil to their honest kindred.

This character, is drawn I think, with all the simplicity and power of "JEANNIE DEANS" in "The Heart of Mid Lothian."

LENORA, in the "Poor Gentleman,"—unlike the two former characters,—was descended from a noble race. A long line of nobles had lived and passed away in the ancestral home, where a father's love bestowed on her an elaborate education. Deprived of a mother's care, in infancy, her whole heart centered on her remaining parent, who richly repaid her affectionate devotion, by the most assiduous care. Alone, in this poor, proud and solitary dwelling, she early strove to banish the sor-

sow, which her penetrating eyes discovered was eating away her father's life and happiness. Her joyous smile and affectionate caresses were the only balm to the poor old gentleman, who, from generosity to others, had sunk into poverty, and, in spite of his good sense, kept up a false appearance of wealth, not so much to gratify his ancestral pride, as to conceal even the thought of indigence from his idolized daughter. When the *dénouement* came, and her real situation was revealed, the *energetic woman* triumphed over the *weak man*, in all the elements of endurance and resistance of ill-fortune;—yet, with what anxiety and good judgment did she strive to make her heart-broken father happy, while she earned her daily bread by sewing for those, who were her equals in birth but superiors in wealth! Not a sigh escaped her,—not a murmur:—She passes from the life of an idle lady to that of humblest toil, with all the contented sweetness that was brought out uncrushed by trial. Nothing daunted her;—she adapted herself to her fallen fortunes; and, by turns, played seamstress, servant, cook and comforter, while the true nobility of her soul was never degraded even by the most menial tasks.

I have been so much charmed by Mr. Conscience's analysis of female character, that I have not said as much perhaps as I ought about the *male* personages who figure in his works. If I were to do so, I should write too long a letter;—but, while I take the liberty to commend these stories to my sex for the clear discernment with which they display what is best in *woman*, I can assure your female readers, that they will find the Flemish author, could not have been keener in detecting and exposing the amiable weaknesses of *mankind* if he had been—a *woman*.

C. M.

4. GOD BLESS OUR POPE. A Hymn for Three Voices. Words, by his Eminence Cardinal Wiseman. Music by Pisani. Baltimore: Murphy & Co. and George Willig, Jr.

We owe an apology to the publishers for having so long inadvertently delayed the notice of this exquisite piece of music. This we would deeply regret, if we felt that the composition needed our praise or commendation to give it a welcome to the public. It is nevertheless refreshing, while we see so much musical trash daily sent forth from the press, to meet with a piece of music, having not only outward adornment, but an intrinsic merit rarely found in songs for the piano.

The beautiful words of his Eminence Cardinal Wiseman, are arranged so as to be sung in part as a solo, and in part as a duett and chorus. The music, by Pisani, is of a high order. The harmony is rich and graceful, while the accompaniment is not so difficult as to be beyond the reach of a performer of ordinary ability. We think this hymn must become a great favorite among all lovers of good poetry set to stirring music; but especially to all Catholics, who must gladly hail any tribute of respect and love to our Holy Father Pius IX.

5. THE TWELVE MYSTERIES OF THE HOLY CHILDHOOD. With Engravings of each Mystery, by Artists of the School of Dusseldorf. By the Rev. H. Formby. Baltimore: Murphy & Co.

This charming little volume is as pleasing to the eye, as the devotion which it inspires is grateful to the heart. Whatever relates to the actions of our divine Redeemer, cannot remain an object of indifference to Catholics; and those devotions which have been established to do special honor to the mysteries of his sacred life, have always been held in the highest esteem.

The exercise of the beautiful devotion of the Holy Childhood was first established in France by the Fathers of the Oratory, and is practiced in several parts of Italy, especially by the nuns of the order of St. Elizabeth. It is divided into twelve parts, beginning with the Annunciation, and ending with the finding of the child in the temple disputing with the doctors. Each part is handsomely embellished, and contains the scriptural history of the mystery which is honored, together with appropriate devotional exercises. To encourage the faithful the Holy Father, Pius VII, has granted an indulgence of three hundred days to all those who devoutly recite this devotion.

LITERARY INTELLIGENCE.

ABROAD, as well as at home, the close of the year seems to stop for a time announcements of forthcoming works, as though publishers required a breathing space before commencing the labors of a new year. Two works having a bearing on this country have recently appeared in France; and we may here state the fact, as it does not appear to have been noticed in any American periodical. One is "*Le Clergé Français émigré aux Etats Unis*" (Sketches of French Missionaries in the United States), by Moreau, one of the contributors to the Correspondent; and the other a French translation of the well-known "*Defence of Catholic Principles*" of the Rev. Demetrius A. Gallitzin, whose biography we gave our readers last year. The translation appeared under the title "*Un Missionnaire Russe en Amérique.*"

The most important announcement is one by the Abbe Martinet, the author of the "*Salve for the bite of the Black Serpent*," "*The Solution of Great Problems*," "*Religion in Society*," "*Plason Polichinelli*," "*The Philosophy of the Catholic Catechism*," &c. His new work is a project of a new course of theology, adapted in its form to the wants of our time. The matter of Catholic teaching cannot vary; but Martinet, who has long been at the head of a seminary, deems a reform necessary in the plan of instruction. His whole course is now looked for with great interest in France and Savoy, where his project has been most favorably received.

Such of his works as have hitherto been presented to English readers—and the credit of presenting them is due exclusively to the Catholics of the United States—have been greatly admired, and confirmed the trans-Atlantic reputation that he is a man of marked ability, who keeps apace with the age, its wants, its follies, and who seeks the cure of each new form of disease. Messrs. Murphy & Co. have in press "*The Philosophy of the Catholic Catechism*," by the same author.

In Belgium a typographical luxury is announced by Vanderreydt. It is an edition of "*The Gradual and Antiphonarium*" of the most sumptuous description. This magnificent edition is to be in two volumes folio, 60 centimetres by 90, printed on English vellum, from new type, with borders, vignettes, &c. of exquisite finish. The subscription is 3500 francs, or \$700.

In this country, some important works are announced, both reprints and original. Several relate to Ireland, and among these we may number a new edition of "*Thomas Moore's History of Ireland* from her earliest kings to her last chiefs," announced by Dunigan; and in spite of its acknowledged faults, its no less fully acknowledged beauties will make it well deserving a place in each library. O'Mahoney's new translation of the "*History of Ireland*," by Rev. Geoffrey Keating, announced by Haverty, will also soon appear. This work, written in Irish, has, we believe, never been published in the original, although the eminent author died more than two centuries ago (A. D. 1625). The world has become critical since Keating's day, and more intolerant of the supernatural, but it is time that so really deserving a work was presented faithfully to English readers: and such is now to be the case. Another work on Ireland, "*The Star of the North*," a life of Dr. Maginn, Bishop of Derry, from the able and eloquent pen of Thomas Darcy McGee, will soon be issued by O'Shea, of New York. The manuscript narrowly escaped destruction in a recent conflagration, but is now actually in the hands of the disciples of Caxton.

A new life of Mary, Queen of Scots, from the pen of the accomplished Donald McLeod, is announced by Scribner, and will, we are assured, be the fullest vindication of Mary ever issued. Bolder than De Marles, and having better access to the writings of her enemies, he will out of their own mouths condemn them. Much as we admire the work of De Marles, just seasonably published by Donahoe, and justly as we may commend it to all, there is not in it a tone of conviction of Mary's innocence that leads us to judge her kindly, and yet Scotch Presbyterians themselves have gone further than we dare go in denouncing the set of perjurers, schemers, reformers, and Elizabeth-bought traitors who worked Mary's ruin and reformed religion in Scotland.

In ascetical literature, we are to have from the press of Dunigan that grand old work of the Benedictine Father Baker, "*The Sancta Sophia*," so applauded by Butler, by

Milner, and by Faber; while the Messrs. Murphy & Co. announce the "*Ritus et preces ad Missam celebrandam in usum præcipue eorum qui sacris initiuntur*," a pocket volume, designed for the clergy and those preparing themselves for the sacred ministry, containing in a succinct form all the instructions necessary for the proper celebration of the holy sacrifice of the mass. Also, "*St. Ignatius' Method of Meditation*," and "*A Series of Practical Meditations*," which will be most acceptable additions to that portion of our literature, in which we are most deficient. If any part has been overdone it is that of prayer books, in which we have had our "*Paths to Paradise*" and "*Ways to Heaven*," "*Keys to Heaven*" and "*Keys to Paradise*," "*Gems of Devotion*" and "*Flowers of Piety*," "*Daily Exercises*" and "*Pocket Companions*," with manuals of all orders and saints: but the supply increases, and just as Messrs. Dunigan & Brother issue their "*St. John's Manual*," the Messrs. Murphy & Co. announce the "*Visitation Manual*," compiled by the Sisters of the Visitation, and which by its name promises devotions drawn from *St. Francis of Sales*, *St. Jane Frances de Chantal*, and the *B. Margaret Mary Alacoque*, the heaven-raised promoter of devotion to the Sacred Heart. They also announce a prayer book much needed, and that is the "*Roman Vespers*," containing the complete Vespers for the whole year, with Gregorian chants in modern notation." Now that the Holy Father has so clearly expressed his disapprobation of figured music in churches, vespers will, we trust, be chanted, and not merely chanted in full, but chanted according to the Vespers. As the preface observes, "It will take time in our new country to bring the people to take part in the chant. Yet if this work is introduced into our parochial schools, academies, colleges, &c., a few years will effect a great change: and in place of hearing extracts sung by the choir alone, our voices will unite in those liturgical chants that have ever formed the grand public worship of the church militant.

The division of the work is admirable, and we cordially join in the wish of the compiler, that it may lead to the general introduction of the chant. One of our Rt. Rev. Bishops has been long anxious for a work like this, and in order to supply his own diocese was about to have a work compiled.

Passing to lighter literature, we find the same house announcing *Lady Georgiana Fullerton's* "*Lady Bird*" and "*Ellen, Middleton*," both works of established reputation; and also a new novel from the pen of Conscience, "*The Golden Demon*," said to exceed in interest any of his previous works. To be followed by a revised edition of that popular and humorous tale, heretofore published in the Metropolitan, "*The Yankee in Ireland*," by *Paul Peppergrass, Esquire*—also, a series of cheap Popular Tales for the young, intended as premiums for Sunday and parochial schools, &c.

Dunigan announces a new tale by the authoress of "*The Hamiltons*," to be entitled "*The Three Eleanors*," and also "*Lizzie Maitland Hamilton*," a tale edited by Dr. Brownson. In this department American Catholic literature seems to have excelled, if we may judge from the fact that three Catholic tales published in this country last year have been already reprinted in England, Ireland and Scotland.

We learn that the Jesuit Fathers, under the direction of several of the bishops of the United States and the British Provinces, are preparing several works, including an illustrated compendium of the Bible in the Indian tongue, for the use of the Indians residing in the north-eastern borders of the United States, the British Provinces, and Canada.

The New York Historical Society are about to issue a new volume of their collections, which will be of more than ordinary interest to Catholics. It will contain the journal of *Father Jogues' captivity among the Mohawks*; the journal of *Father Gabriel DuRoi's embassy to Boston in 1650*, whither he was sent by the governor of Canada; and also the proceedings of the first session of the Colonial Assembly of New York in 1683. This was convened in the reign of James II., when *Thomas Dongan*, an Irish Catholic, and afterwards *Earl of Limerick*, was governor. The laws of the session were smothered by the subsequent Protestant ascendancy, but were remarkable for their tolerant spirit, their vigor and usefulness.

EDITORS' TABLE.

Tempus fuget! Time passes. It rushes onward with lightning-rapidity. Our days, months and years flow by like the resistless tide of a mighty river, each bringing us one step nearer to the goal of our departure hence. Another year dawns upon us, and finds us again at our post, willing with the smile of Providence to do our part to alleviate the ills of fallen humanity; to enlighten, to instruct, to entertain our readers; to make light in their progress through life's dreary vale to the shores of another and a better world.

Tempus fuget! we repeated again to ourselves, as we hastened to our apartments to commence the labors of another volume. And here we think, it will not be deemed out of place to introduce our readers to a view of our humble quarters. Fortune, which smiles so propitiously on the rest of mankind, is exceedingly sparing of her favors to editors; hence if we cannot boast of luxury, we may console ourselves, that we but share the common lot of our fraternity.

Our sanctum (a description of which may be edifying, if not instructive) is a bleak little room, ten by fifteen, and is accessible by five lengthy flights of stairs. A small window supplies it with light, and from which, the cheerless prospect of roofs and chimneys greets the eye. In a recess, a few unpainted shelves support our scanty library. An old grate in a fire-place of diminished proportions, scantily supplied with fuel, serves to keep the temperature of the room a little above the freezing point. The oaken floor well polished by time, is a stranger to any covering. In the centre of the apartment stands an oblong table, of antique appearance. It wears a revered aspect from its contact with the many distinguished personages who in former time sat around it. It contains a lamp, a few quires of foolscap, writing materials, and the "green bag." Three or four venerable rush-bottomed chairs, such as would have done honor to the drawing-rooms of our early republican fathers, are all the firms of which we can boast.

Such is the general appearance of our sanctum, and such is our entire furniture except a few ornaments bequeathed to us by our learned and distinguished predecessors. The following are a few of the most important:

Upon the low and time-worn mantel-piece, stands a beautiful statue of the renowned *Maga*. A wreath of flowers rests gracefully upon her head, and the cross upon her breast reflects a dazzling brightness. Her look is majestic; a ray of intelligence sparkles from her eyes, while a benignant and fascinating smile plays upon her countenance. With her right hand she points to heaven, as if to remind us that we labor not for earth; that the first and great duty, especially of a Catholic editor, is to furnish to his readers such lessons as will be useful to them in time, and which will tend to influence their conduct in reference to the great affair of eternity. In her left hand she holds a scroll of parchment, on which is inscribed the following:

"Religion and Literature.—To vindicate the one, to support the other, and to subserv the best interests of both, is the first duty of a Catholic periodical.

To expound and defend the dogmas of faith, to shield from attack the doctrines and institutions of the Catholic Church, to exalt virtue, to vindicate truth, to inculcate those sublime principles of morality which are sought for in vain beyond the portals of Catholicity; to promote science and literature upon a pure, elevated basis; to chasten their study, and render them truly the handmaids of religion and subservient to man's best interest in time and in eternity, are the ennobling objects contemplated by the *Metropolitan*."

Within a frame, which is suspended to the wall, are inscribed the following words:
 "Let the Catholic editor pursue the object of his high calling by the light of the torch that burns upon the Catholic altar. Let his sanctum be illumined by the flame of fraternal charity; let no unkindness enter there. Let Catholic editors have one common aim—the interests of religion, the diffusion of knowledge, the cultivation of sound principles of morality."

These, with several similar bequests, constantly admonish us of our obligations and our duty.

On the margin of the table, the following truisms are inscribed:

"There is a mutual relationship between editors and their readers. The former build the edifice, the latter support it. The one gives animation to literature, the other sustains it. Without the former, Creolian darkness would encompass this habitable globe; without the latter, the temple of science would fall, and crush beneath its ruins the whole fraternity of authors, publishers and printers.

Here the printers' — messenger entered, imperiously demanding "copy," and giving us only time to add the following poetic gems, the first from our esteemed contributor *Fidelia*:

A VISIT TO THE BLESSED SACRAMENT.

Adore, my soul! thy Saviour is near,
 Circled with silence like a sleeping babe;
 The fount of life, yet passive as in death,
 The fount of glory where no radiance seems,
 All veiled, in pity unto thee, my soul!

Adore, my soul! thy Saviour is near;
 The rose, the lily, and the passion flower
 Doth sculptured from His sacred dwelling place;
 Emblems of suffering, purity, and love—
 The emblems of His life on earth for thee!

Adore, my soul! thy Saviour is near!
 Within the hollow of the silver lamp
 The watchful light is burning steadily,
 Flinging its crimson where His feet hath been;
 Thus let thy love still burn for Him my soul!

Oh! Jesus God! Thy sacred peace flows round
 In this sphered stillness like a noiseless wave,
 Hushing all restless thoughts which are not thine
 Into forgetfulness—now time seems o'er,
 And death itself is but to love Thee more!

FIDELIA.

We are not aware that the following patriotic ode has ever appeared in any of our Catholic periodicals. It was originally written for a College Celebration of Washington's Birth-day, February 22d, at Mt. St. Mary's College, Emmitsburg, and may serve as an illustration of the spirit that animates, and for many a long year after, binds the hearts of our Catholic students to their alma mater:

ODE FOR WASHINGTON'S BIRTH-DAY.

AIR—*Draw the Sword! Scotland, &c.*

Strike the Harp! Columbia! Columbia! Columbia!
 Thy hero has triumph'd thy Eagle's on the sea
 And glory is sounding, sounding, sounding
 The praise of thy chieftain, of freedom and thee.

The foe—they are silent, silent, silent:
 The foe!—they are silent for ever and aye:
 But the soul of thy hero, hero, hero,
 Is glowing in millions of freemen to-day.
 Strike the harp! Columbia! Columbia! Columbia!
 Thy warriors are round thee, all fearless and free:
 Their hearts—they are burning, burning, burning,
 To conquer or die! Columbia, for Thee!

Wreathe the Harp! Columbia! Columbia! Columbia!
 O! bright in its verdure the garland shall be,
 O'er the chords that are glist'ning, glist'ning, glist'ning,
 With tears for the Chief, who has parted from thee.
 From the battle he 's resting, resting, resting,
 From the battle he is resting, but dwells not alone:
 Then weep not my country! my country! my country!
 Thy son's where the mighty before him have gone.
 Strike the Harp! Columbia! Columbia! Columbia!
 From the face of the foeman thy sons shall ne'er flee;
 But bear o'er the ocean, the ocean, the ocean
 The fame of thy Hero, thy Eagle and Thee.

RECORD OF EVENTS.

From December 20, 1856, to January 20, 1857.

FOREIGN INTELLIGENCE.

ROME.—On the first Sunday of Advent, the Holy Father assisted at pontifical mass, at the Papal Chapel in the Sistine. The chapel was thronged with strangers, including most of the foreign Catholics in Rome. After mass the procession was made to the Pauline chapel to inaugurate the commencement of the ecclesiastical year. The ceremony on this occasion is described as unusually grand and imposing. The Holy Father walked with his head uncovered, and a gorgeous canopy supported over him. He was preceded by his court and the Sacred College, carrying tapers, while the *Pange Lingua* was chanted as the procession moved forward. The Pauline chapel was splendidly decorated, the altar especially was resplendent with innumerable lights. In the evening the Scala Regia, and all the avenues to the chapel were illuminated, and immense crowds of devout adorers thronged the sacred edifice. The Holy Father, attended by his chamberlains, made a visit of adoration to the Blessed Sacrament on the evening of its exposition.

The anniversary of the dogmatic declaration of the Immaculate Conception, was celebrated with great magnificence, in the various churches, but especially at the Papal chapel in the Sistine, which was attended by a great number of strangers, among whom was the Dowager Queen of Spain, with her family and suite. On the day previous to the Feast of the Immaculate Conception, the Queen had been honored with an audience with the Sovereign Pontiff, and presented to him the members of her suite. The Commission of the Roman Philodramatic Academy, appointed by his Holiness towards the close of 1853, has published its report, and made an award of prizes. Knowing the great talent of his people for dramatic literature, the Holy Father has been anxious to employ it in the services of religion, and made it a condition, when offering encouragement for bringing this talent into action, that in every drama the cause of true morality and virtue should triumph. Fifty dramatic compositions were handed to the

members of the Commission; these were all original, never having been published or represented: Two tragedies, one melo-drama, eight dramas, thirteen comedies and two farces were entirely rejected; the others were divided into three classes—those deserving the gold medal, those deserving encouragement, and those deserving praise. The lowest class comprised one lyric tragedy, one memoranda, two lyric dramas, and one comedy; the second class comprised fourteen comedies, a tragedy, and a drama; the tragedy *Corso-Donati*, was written by Signor Massi, Professor of Eloquence at the Roman University, and is much praised for the purity of its style and language; the author was rewarded with a silver medal. The same honor was accorded to Signor Merli, the writer of no less than twelve of the fourteen comedies. The highest prize, a large golden medal, with an appropriate inscription, was adjudged to a native of Tuscany. The successful comedies are entitled, "The Georgian System;" "The Mother's Ring;" and, "A Voyage for Instruction."

Crawford's Studio—A correspondent of the *New York Commercial*, writing from Rome, gives a description of the statuary in Crawford's studio, designed for the Capitol at Washington. The statue of "America" to be placed in the dome is thus described:

"The figure is twenty feet high, and stands with the right hand resting on a sheathed sword, and the left on the shield of our country. On the breast are the initials of the United States, and a delicate drapery is so arranged as to form rays of light proceeding from the letters. The ample folds of an outer drapery fall majestically around the statue, leaving only the hands and a portion of the neck uncovered. For the usual cap, the artist has substituted a helmet, the crest of which is an eagle's head, with a richly falling plume of feathers. The countenance is wondrously beautiful, full of dignity and lofty purpose, earnestly and thoughtfully looking out into the great future.

The statue of an 'Indian,' intended for the eastern pediment, is expressive of profound grief for the death of his nation. The anatomy and pose of the figure are admirable; but the great speechless woe that bows the head upon one open palm, while the other is clenched in agony, is a triumph of art. The Indian woman, too, bending over the child calmly resting on her bosom, while before her lie the lonely graves of her race—those graves beside which is her only place of rest—is a sad, sweet poem, and a touching embodiment of a woman's and a mother's grief."

NAPLES.—The affairs of this kingdom are quiet: the threatened violence on the part of England and France scarcely forms any longer a subject of comment. The most startling news is an attempt to assassinate the King. The particulars of this affair are thus stated: On the 8th of December, the Festival of the Immaculate Conception, the King was present at a review of the entire garrison of Naples. After mass, which had been celebrated in the open air, benediction was given, and the troops were defiling before his Majesty, when a soldier of the 4th division of the 3d battalion of Chasseurs, called Agesilao Milano, of San Benedetto, in the province of Cosenza, rushed from the ranks, as if to present a petition. He then made a thrust with his bayonet at his Majesty, who backed his horse, and the bayonet, grazing the side of the King, struck against the pistol holster, and was bent. The man slipped and fell to the ground. At that moment, a captain of the Hussars, riding up, nearly crushed the man, while another officer collared him. The assassin, aged 24, was one of the Calabrian insurgents of '48, pardoned in '52—entered the army six months ago. He was sentenced the day after his murderous attempt to be hung.

All classes presented addresses of congratulation to the King on his providential escape. The English and French residents went in a body to offer their congratulations. The city of Naples was brilliantly illuminated at night. It was officially announced that the railway from Capua to Cessrono on the Papal frontier, would be commenced during December.

SARDINIA.—The political news of this country is unimportant. The following statement of the death-bed repentance of one of those unhappy men, who did so much to oppress the Church of Sardinia, will be read with interest:—

General Collegno, a member of the Piedmontese Senate, who voted for the law which confiscated church property in Sardinia, has recently died. Before his death he called a gentleman, notary and two witnesses, made in their presence a solemn retraction of the support and sanction he had given to a law, which his conscience told him was unjust and irreligious, and he charged them to give all possible publicity to his retraction.

SPAIN.—The foreign papers announce, that a reconciliation will soon be perfected between Spain and the Holy See. The Bishops of Dreuse and Almeria, have presented an address to the Queen in which they express their gratitude for the benefits she has

conferred on the Church of Spain. In the early part of December, a circular was addressed by the Minister of Grace and Justice to the Bishops, charging them in the name of her Majesty, to cause to be celebrated before the end of the year, "the ineffable mystery of the Immaculate Conception, in a manner in accordance with all the ardor of Spanish faith and all the pomp of Spanish worship." The circular states that the Spanish nation may hope to be able to reform itself, "since it was the first to accept the belief in the Immaculate Conception of the Virgin Mary, under whose protection all the Spanish dominions are placed."

Railway construction in Spain is making great progress. The line from Madrid to Alicante will be completed by the spring, and a portion of the section to Saragossa will shortly be opened. More than 10,000 men are employed on these works.

FRANCE.—The re-assembling of the Paris Conference is the engrossing subject at present in the French capital. The body met on the 31st of December, but at latest dates had transacted no business of importance. The interpretation of some of the articles of the late treaty of peace, seems to be one of the chief objects of the Conference. Frederick William, Prince of Prussia, was at the latest dates at Paris, as the guest of the Emperor. For his entertainment the Emperor reviewed at the Palace du Carrousel a large detachment of troops, and manifested toward him every mark of respect. The Prince is said to be the bearer of an invitation to the Emperor to visit Berlin in the spring, which it is believed his Majesty will accept, circumstances permitting. The approach of the cold weather has brought forth the proverbial charity of the French. Cheap kitchens have been established in the different quarters of Paris, owing to the exertions of the government and of the Society of St. Vincent de Paul, and an association numbering for Paris alone 7000 gentlemen of station and fortune, who have enrolled themselves for the purpose of carrying succor and consolation to prisoners, and to the poor at their miserable domiciles. These kitchens are open from nine until eleven every day, with the exception of Sunday. The food is prepared and distributed by the Sisters of Charity, and consists of three different kinds—one of soup, another of meat, and the third of vegetables, each portion costing two sous. The Emperor and the Empress, with several members of the Imperial family, lately attended a ball given at the Grand Opera for the benefit of the poor.

ENGLAND.—The British Cabinet has on hand at present quite enough to give it active employment. The Paris Conference, and the game that may be played there, will require a close eye to be kept on matters near at hand, while two or three little wars abroad, demand a slight degree of attention. War has been declared against Persia, and Herat has been taken. As to the cause of the war, it is difficult to ascertain. The British version is, that the Persian monarch entered into a contract with England that he would not molest or disturb the frontier city of Herat, unless under certain contingencies. If the enemies of Persia attempted to obtain possession of the city he was permitted to advance his troops sufficiently far to disperse them, but on their dispersion he was to retire. Recently, it is said, under pretence of the necessity so provided for, he marched his troops to the city, and took possession of it contrary to the treaty. The war seems to be very unpopular with the people of England.

While these things are being transacted in Persia, the inhabitants of the Celestial Empire have incurred the wrath of the British lion, and the city of Canton has been bombarded by the English fleet. This took place about the middle of November. The cause of this is said to have originated from the capture and the forcible detention of the crew of a British vessel by the Chinese, who refused to deliver up the prisoners, or to give a satisfactory explanation for their conduct. Such is the statement of the British journals.

On the 23d of December a dinner was given to the officers of the United States Navy who brought to Portsmouth the Arctic ship *Resolute*. It will be remembered that the *Resolute* was one of the vessels sent by the British government to the Arctic regions in search of the ill-fated Sir John Franklin and his crew; that she was abandoned by her officers and men, and finally found by the American exploring expedition and brought to the United States; that the vessel was subsequently repaired by our government, and by a vote of congress returned to the British government. The Queen and Prince Albert paid a visit to the *Resolute* at Portsmouth, and treated the officers and men with the utmost respect.

IRELAND.—We have not room in the present number to say more of recent events in Ireland than to record the death of the great apostle of temperance, the Rev. Father Mathew, which took place at Cork on the 9th of December last. The illustrious deceased was born in Thomaston, Ireland, October 10, 1790. He was left an orphan at an early age, adopted by an aunt, and educated in Kilkenny Academy and Maynooth. He was ordained to the priesthood at Dublin, and entered with zeal upon the duties of the holy ministry. The evils brought on his flock by the abuse of intoxicating liquors, touched his generous heart, and led to his exertions in the cause of temperance, which were attended by so much good.

DOMESTIC INTELLIGENCE.—AFFAIRS OF THE CHURCH.

1. ARCHDIOCESE OF BALTIMORE.—The beautiful church of St. Ignatius of this city has recently been further adorned by the addition of a most-magnificent painting, executed by Constantine Brumidi, a distinguished artist. We avail ourselves of the following description of the work, furnished to one of our city papers:

"The centre panel of the elegantly stuccoed ceiling has been supplied with a splendid work of art, which has thus far excited the unqualified admiration of the best artists of Baltimore. The dimensions of the panel are 35 by 20 feet, and the new ornament completes the edifice and makes it a real bijou of architectural beauty. Indeed we do not remember ever to have seen a more impressive painting than that which graces the ceiling of this church. Its general idea is taken from Murillo's celebrated picture of the Immaculate Conception of the Virgin Mother of the Saviour, but the modern artist has added of his own much that would be worthy even of that famous master. The main figure is the Holy Virgin herself, crowned with twelve stars, and crushing with her foot the serpent, uniting, as Catholic writers explain it, the two prophecies of Apocalypse and Genesis, "The great sign that appeared in heaven," and the promise of God to our first parents after their fall. The crescent moon, which those writers have made the emblem of the Virgin Mother's spotless conception, is her support, while her face, upturned to the Holy Spirit, symbolised in the dove of scripture, is glowing with thankfulness, and exhibits her joy in the possession of so exalted and singular a privilege.

The artist has most admirably succeeded in the delineation of this spiritual beauty, and it is impossible to contemplate it without feeling how much "the human countenance divine" can become diviner under the magic touch of genius. There are thirty-nine figures, representing angels of various sizes and in various attitudes, around the main figure, which heighten and relieve its effect by the beautiful contrast of their coloring. The grouping of these secondary figures, and the various emotions of simple joy, admiration, veneration and affectionate regard depicted in their countenances, are the additions of the modern artist, and evince how perfectly he has mastered all the difficulties of his beautiful art. Murillo would himself, we are sure, be proud of such a composition."

A Beautiful Altar.—The venerable church of St. Patrick, under the pastoral care of the energetic and zealous Father Dolan, has lately been improved by the introduction of a most beautiful marble altar, the workmanship of Messrs. Sisson & Baird. The entire structure is about fifteen feet wide and nearly the same height. It is made of the best white Italian marble, panelled with Irish green marble, the latter being imported from Ireland expressly for the purpose. The tabernacle is of white with green panels, and surmounted with the cross; on either side of it are representations of angels, five feet in height, and highly gilt. The centre one of the three large lower panels has in it a centre piece of brass, fine gilt, representing the bible and the cross, with a lamb silver plated. It may be added that the altar is a present from the pastor to the church.

Ordination.—On Friday, the octave of the festival of St. Stephen, protomartyr, the order of subdeacon was conferred by the Rt. Rev. Bishop Carrell, of Covington, Kentucky, on Mr. E. H. Brandts, theological student of Mt. St. Mary's Seminary, Emmitsburg. The ordination took place at the church of St. Ignatius, in this city.

2. DIOCESE OF PHILADELPHIA.—*Ordination.*—On the 20th of December the Rev. Timothy Hanigan, who had previously received the order of deaconship, was promoted to the order of priesthood. The Rev. gentleman was appointed assistant pastor of the Church of the Assumption, in the city of Philadelphia.

Confirmation.—On the 28th of the same month, the Rt. Rev. Bishop of Philadelphia conferred the sacrament of confirmation on ninety-seven persons, in St. Mary's church, Beaver Meadow; and on the following day the same Rt. Rev. Prelate confirmed sixty-seven at St. Gabriel's church, Hazleton.

Religious Reception.—On the 27th of December the Rev. Dr. O'Hara gave the religious veil to four young ladies at St. John's Orphan Asylum, who assumed in religion the names of Sister Mary Euphrasia, Sister Mary Xavier, Sister Rosalie, and Sister Mary Gabriel.

New Churches.—We are pleased to learn that a beautiful new church is under erection in Ashland, Schuylkill county, Pa. Another splendid stone church is nearly finished at Tamaqua, in the same county, under the direction of the Rev. Maurice Walsh.

Fairs.—The fair held during the holidays for the benefit of St. Patrick's church, Philadelphia, cleared over two thousand dollars; and the orphans' fair recently held at Wilmington, Delaware, also realized the sum of over two thousand dollars—a result which reflects the highest credit on the Catholics of Wilmington, considering the smallness of the place. The sisters, as an evidence of their gratitude, published in the Wilmington papers the following card:

"The 'Sisters of Charity' return their sincere thanks to the ladies and gentlemen who visited the fair for the benefit of the orphans during the last week in the City Hall. They tender their grateful acknowledgments to the ladies who had charge of the tables, for their kindness, patience, and readiness to aid them in support of the poor orphans. They also return thanks to the pastors, and citizens in general without exception, for the patronage extended to this charitable object; to Mr. Eckel and Mr. Johnson of the press, for their liberality and kindness in publishing a 'notice' of the fair, for those who are unknown to them, or known only in so far as they are the children of the common 'Father' of us all. In behalf of the orphans we return our thanks especially to the members of the 'Council' who gave us the privilege of the hall. The orphans' prayers shall be offered for all their benefactors, that they may enjoy happiness here, and eternal happiness in the world to come."

3. *DIOCESE OF PITTSBURG.—Religious Reception and Profession.*—We learn from the *Pittsburg Catholic* that on January 17th, the following gentlemen received the habit in the chapel of the Franciscan Monastery, at Loretto:—Brother John Brusnihan and Brother Andrew Gildea. On the same day were professed, Brother Thomas Smith, Brother Christopher Matthews, Brother Lewis Sullivan, Brother Anthony Goold, and Brother Stephen Castello (a Mexican). The Rev. C. M. Sheehan, president of the Seminary, and ecclesiastical superior of the Franciscan Brothers, officiated on the occasion. The ceremony was very imposing and beautiful, and connected with the religious associations which hover around the memory of the Rev. Prince Gallitzin, the founder of Catholicity on the Alleghanies, added a peculiar solemnity to the heroism of the act of consecration of those happy religious, who sealed their eternal separation from the things of this world by solemn vows.

Church Dedication.—On January 18th a beautiful new church at Latrobe was dedicated. The Very Rev. E. M'Mahon, V.G., performed the ceremony, assisted by the Rev. Messrs. M'Cullagh, Pollard, Farran, Keogh, and two Benedictine Fathers, from St. Vincent's Abbey. After the dedication a grand high mass was celebrated by the Rev. Mr. Farran, and the Very Rev. E. M'Mahon delivered a most eloquent and impressive sermon on the Sacrifice of the New Law. Having refuted in the most masterly manner the objections commonly urged against the Catholic dogma of the mass, he presented to his hearers, with a most stringent logic and lucid development, the many proofs the holy scriptures afford us wherewith to sustain our faith on this point.

4. *DIOCESE OF BROOKLYN.*—On the feast of the Immaculate Conception confirmation was administered in the chapel of the Visitation Convent at Brooklyn by the Rt. Rev. John Loughlin, D.D., assisted by the Rev. Messrs. Cassidy and Turner; and on the same occasion the Right Rev. Prelate received seventeen members into the Sodality of the Immaculate Conception, instituted in that new and thriving convent. The bishop closed by a beautiful instruction on the high privileges of our Immaculate Queen, and the necessity of imitating her virtues, to become true "Children of Mary."

For want of space, we are obliged to omit many interesting items of intelligence and other matter, which will appear in the next number.

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